LEOPOLD;

OR,

THE BASTARD.

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THE BASTARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LEOPOLD, &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE gentleman recommended by Leopold as a travelling companion to lord Valletort, having now ſettled his affairs, announced his readineſs to commence their tour; and they accordingly departed, to the great regret of lady Caroline, who loved her brother with the fondeſt affection.

They had not been gone many days, when Leopold, on his returning from a

morning ride, found lady Grimſtone in a more than ordinary buſtle, for which ſhe accounted by ſaying, ‘ So, Mr. Howorth, here I be in a fine ſtew! here's Carry's lover a coming to ſtop all night, without my knowing a word on't; and it bean't a bit unlikely but they may be married out of hand, when I han't made a morſel of preparation.’

The head of Leopold turned giddy, and a ſudden ſickneſs ſeized his heart. Almoſt fainting he ſunk upon a chair, ſupporting his head upon his hand, while her ladyſhip, too full of notability to remark his diſorder, hurried away, crying, ‘Talk of the devil and one of his imps will appear, is a true ſaying,

for here comes the ſpark; he muſt be ſhewn to the great drawing-room.'

Leopold was endeavouring to recall his wandering ſenſes, when the door opened, and the ſervant announced lord Delfield. Our hero ſtarted from his ſeat with horror and amazement painted in his face, and was ruſhing paſt his brother when the entrance of lord Grimſtone impeded his progreſs. Seeing that he was quitting the room, his lordſhip took his hand, ſaying, 'My lord Delfield, this is Mr. Howorth, a gentleman very well worth your knowing, I can aſſure you; a great traveller and a fine ſcholar; and has been to all them places where they kill one half of a beaſt at a time, and leave the other running about the fields; and this, Mr. How-

orth, is lord Delfield, the only ſon, or at leaſt the only ſon his lordſhip acknowledges, of the earl of Dormer; and what I am ſure will make you reſpect him more, he is my ſon-in-law elect.'

The young lord preſenting his hand, Leopold darted paſt him, and ruſhed out of the room, to the great ſurpriſe of both the peer and his viſitor. Entering the neareſt apartment, he met lady Caroline, whom he would have avoided; but, having been ſhocked at the evident perturbation of his mind, ſhe caught his arm, ſaying, 'For heaven's ſake, Mr. Howorth, what has ſo diſturbed you?' He ſunk upon a ſopha; and taking her ſeat beſide him, ſhe earneſtly entreated to be informed what diſaſter had befallen him. After

ſhe had ſeveral times repeated theſe inquiries, he ſaid, while with ſternneſs he looked in her face, 'Do not mock me, lady Caroline, with this pretended intereſt; go to lord Delfield; your abſence will offend him. His affianced wife muſt have no ſighs but for him.'

'I am certain,' replied her ladyſhip, 'that his lordſhip does not think ſo; nor did I mean to mock you, Mr. Howorth, by counterfeiting ſenſations which I did not feel. The friend of Mr. Mountjoy muſt command my eſteem; and I ſhall ever take an intereſt in the ſufferings of thoſe I value. Could I adminiſter conſolation to yours, it would add to my own felicity. This, I perceive, is not in my

power; I will not therefore intrude upon your ſorrows.'

A ſervant at this time informing her that lord Delfield was in the drawing-room, ſhe replied, ſhe would attend his lordſhip, and roſe to go; but Leopold, ſeizing her arm with violence, detained her, crying, 'By heavens, you ſhall not! I will die rather; you too ſhall die; the whole world ſhall periſh, ere you ſhall be the wife of lord Delfield.'

Inexpreſſibly alarmed, ſhe attempted not to move, but gazed in his face with a look of unutterable ſoftneſs, blended with terror. He perceived it, and his momentary phrenzy was inſtantly ſubdued. Relinquiſhing her hand, and drop-

ping on his knee, he claimed her forgiveness. 'Pardon, madam, the temerity of a wretch who knew not what he did.' Her pride yielded to his penitence; she held out her hand, and saying, 'Rise, Leopold, and do not thus alarm me,' left him; and retiring to her own apartment, after a short deliberation on the steps which would be proper for her to take, it being impossible she should even affect ignorance as to the cause of Leopold's malady, wrote the following letter to Mr. Mountjoy:

'My more than father!

'It is time you should recall your friend. I would you had never committed him to my care, for I have proved myself an unskilful physician, and, by mis-

taking the ſymptoms of my patient's diſorder, have adminiſtered a medicine which threatens to deſtroy him. I have indeed healed the trifling bruiſes he bore about him at our firſt acquaintance, but, in ſo doing, I have given wounds which I want the power to cure.

'Alas, ſir! Leopold, the accompliſhed, the elegant Leopold, loves me; yes, he loves me with a ſincerity and fervour deſtructive to his peace. I ſay not this in triumph, but in the ſadneſs of a heart that weeps over a victim it condemns; in the ſadneſs of a heart that feels the miſery it inflicts, and that baniſhes hope from its own, while it plants deſpair in his boſom. Recall him, ſir; a longer reſidence here cannot benefit him, but may

be detrimental to her whom you have honoured with your friendſhip and protection.

'Caroline Grimstone.'

This being finiſhed, ſhe diſpatched a meſſenger with it, and repaired to her friends juſt in time to accompany them to the eating-room. As ſhe expected, an apology on the plea of illneſs accounted for Mr. Howorth's abſence; and all the efforts of her ſprightly lover were unequal to the tranquillizing of her thoughts, or baniſhing melancholy from her boſom.

The next day brought this anſwer from Mr. Mountjoy:

'I comply with your desire. Not many hours will elapse before my mandate to return will reach Mr. Howorth. Your motive for wishing his absence I could only guess at; and the attempt brought to my mind two lines from Shenstone:

Yet such his beauty, would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

'Be candid; are they not in point? If I forget not, they form part of a pretty poem; read it, and give me your opinion. I cannot now exactly tell you where to find it, having given up reading love-verses, but I think it concludes with the following lines:

— — — — — — —

The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain,
The piteous victim of an angry ſky;
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain.

'I remain, your anxious friend,
'E. MOUNTJOY.'

Lady Caroline bluſhed as ſhe peruſed this ſhort billet, and, with a deep-drawn ſigh, put it in her pocket. The mandate it promiſed ſoon arrived; when her ladyſhip retired to her dreſſing-room, hoping, yet dreading, the departure of her gueſt without their again meeting, until a requeſt from him, to be admitted to her preſence, obliged her to decide; and ſhe deſired the meſſenger to conduct Mr. Howorth to her. He entered pale and trembling. She would have congratu-

lated him on his restored health, but dared not trust her voice. He presented the summons from Mr. Mountjoy, which, having read, she returned, saying, in a faltering accent, she was sorry they were to be deprived of his society; but, indeed, Mr. Mountjoy had already been so indulgent, it would be ingratitude to repine.

Leopold thanked her for a condescension to which he had forfeited all claim; yet entreated her to believe that the presumption of which he had been guilty was unintentional, and had arisen from a concurrence of circumstances as unexpected as they had proved distressing to him, and for which he had been totally unprepared. She desired that what had passed might be forgotten; assured him she should ever

bear him in her memory, and hoped he would ſometimes give her a place in his. Then taking a ring from her finger, of great value, ſhe entreated he would receive it as a ſmall proof of the gratitude ſhe felt for the reſtoration of a brother's peace. He took the ring, and bowing upon the hand that gave it, retired, leaving her ladyſhip little leſs affected than himſelf.

To amuſe her thoughts, ſhe employed herſelf in anſwering the letter of her early protector, which ſhe did in theſe words:

'I have read the poem you recommend, but have found nothing applicable to myſelf, unleſs it was in the two firſt lines you

quoted. Muſt I be candid? Then receive my confeſſion:

> Such are his *virtues*, would my birth allow,
> Dear were the youth, and blissful were my days.

But as this is impoſſible, I muſt endeavour to be content with ſuch a ſhare of happineſs as falls to the generality of us poor mortals. Not that, like your maniac, I ſhould dread the interpoſition of ſuperior powers, or even a ſire's dread fury; and though I may prove 'the piteous victim of an angry ſky,' it will not be in conſequence of my 'proud diſdain:' for *your* Leopold, alas! he never can be *mine*. I feel that reſpect which his merit claims; I admire his perſon, pay homage to his abilities, and love—the word has

escaped me, but let it go—yes, love his mind. Nor does this world contain a being whom I should so readily make the master of my fate. But it must not be; a parent's dying request makes it impossible.

'The last time that my excellent and venerated mother ever guided a pen, it was employed in detailing to me the blot my family would sustain by the degrading connexion which she felt assured my father would make; and in conjuring me to wipe it out by a marriage suitable to my birth. I have treasured all her commands; her dying one shall not be disobeyed, though the fulfilment of it should deprive me of worldly happiness. I shall still possess peace of mind arising from the

certainty of having performed my duty, and, may I not add, by having ſecured your approbation?

'To your attention and generoſity I conſign the intereſting Leopold. To hear that he is happy will increaſe whatever of felicity I am fated to taſte, as it will in equal proportion diminiſh whatever of ſorrow may fall to the lot of

'Your affectionate

"CAROLINE."

Mr. Mountjoy received and treated our hero with unaccuſtomed kindneſs; but nothing could diſſipate the gloom which clouded his brow. At length, his patron, finding all his efforts ineffectual, deter-

mined to reaſon with him on the folly of ſinking under evils which exertion might overcome. Accordingly, he ſeized the opportunity of his being loſt in melancholy ſtupor, to inquire if any thing in his power could aſſiſt to reſtore his tranquillity.

Leopold, with a look and voice of deſpair, aſſured him he was perfectly happy. Mr. Mountjoy ſaid, 'Forgive me, Mr. Howorth, mine was not an impertinent curioſity, but the anxiety of friendſhip.' Leopold was ſurpriſed, and haſtily replied, 'Forgive you, ſir! for what? For taking an intereſt in the ſufferings of a wretch?' He pauſed.

'You do ſuffer, then,' returned his pa-

tron; 'you are unhappy; I do not wish to know the cause, unless I may be permitted to remove the effect.'

'Alas, sir!' returned the youth, 'that is beyond the reach of man; my griefs defy all human aid.'

'You talk,' interrupted his patron, 'like what you are, a very very young man. A few years hence, when you are assailed by real evils, you will blush at this despondence at trifles.'

'Ah, sir!' cried Leopold, 'he jests at scars who never felt a wound. Born to prosperous fortunes, you know adversity but by the name, and, with that self-esteem

which clings to us all, ſancy you could have borne it better.'

'Attend, and you ſhall hear how rightly you have judged,' ſaid Mr Mountjoy. 'In my early youth I had a friend, he was likewiſe my relation, to whom I bore more than the affection of a brother. I placed him in my heart, where he never met a rival, though an attachment to one of the moſt lovely and accompliſhed of her ſex ſhared it with him. As I was on the point of ſoliciting my father's conſent to an union with this lady, he deſired to ſpeak to me alone, and then informed me that the parent of my friend had, ſome time previous to his death, prevailed with him to join him in a bond, for which his own eſtates, being to deſcend to his

ſon, could not be anſwerable, conſequently thoſe of my father paid the failure; that, for ſeveral years, he had, at a great expence, prevented the cloſing of the mortgage, but the time was now arrived when he could do it no longer; he muſt, therefore, give me to underſtand, that the whole of my fortune was on that day to paſs into other hands, which had rendered me a beggar.'

'To conſole my afflicted and ſelf-upbraiding parent, was my firſt thought; and having in ſome degree ſucceeded, I obtained his promiſe that my friend ſhould not be ſhocked with the intelligence that his father was the author of my ruin; and this was a conſolation to me in my diſtreſs, which I acknowledge to have been

at firſt very poignant; but what was done could not be remedied, ſo I ſuffered it to paſs, determining to be the carver of my future fortune, until the thought of giving up the woman I adored, of leaving her perhaps to another, ſet my brain on fire; yet to invite her to ſhare my beggared proſpects, to involve her in difficulties and diſtreſs, was impoſſible. I accepted an appointment in a foreign country, and went determined to communicate my fallen fortunes, and bid her a laſt adieu. She gave me a patient hearing until I had ceaſed, then, preſſing my hand, ſaid, 'I ſee, my friend, you deem me worthy to be only the choice of your happy hours, the fluttering inſect of a ſunny day, whoſe tinſel trappings, and whoſe gaudy hue, are all its worth. You ſought in me a

wife to ſhare your pleaſures, to be the miſtreſs of your revels, not a companion to partake your cares, or ſooth your griefs. I truſt you have misjudged me, and that I ſhall prove your fortune was not the object of my deſire; for, be that what it may, I am reſolved, unleſs forbidden by you, to ſhare it with you.'

'I claſped her to my boſom, and we were ſhortly after ſecretly married. I now prepared to leave her, in order to execute the office which I had accepted; but, anxious to ſecure her a protector, I entruſted the ſecret of our union to my friend, and left him with a mind as much at eaſe, as a ſeparation from the woman I adored would admit.'

‘ Upwards of twelve months had elapſed ſince my leaving England, during the laſt eight of which I had not heard from any but my father; when I was informed that my friend had made an unfortunate connexion, and was then in Switzerland. I traced him, and going to his reſidence found him from home. On deſiring to ſpeak with his female companion, I was conducted to my own wife—yes, to the wife of my ſoul! She held in her arms, and I ſtill live to tell it you, a new-born infant. It drew from her boſom that nouriſhment which a mother alone could give. But I muſt be brief. My coward life forſook its manſion, and I fell ſenſeleſs at her feet. I was conveyed home, where, with returning ſenſe, came a thirſt of vengeance. I demanded ſatiſ-

faction for my wrongs. My perfidious friend refused not to meet me, but determined neither to defend his own, nor attempt my life. What could I do? Honour forbade my turning assassin. I therefore repaired to England, and obtained from the justice of my country all the retribution it had power to give, a divorce from her who had undone me. She was immediately wedded to her seducer, with whom she partakes of unalloyed happiness; while I, the miserable victim of their baseness, have, like Zanga, never failed to curse the rising sun, which tells me of my shame.'

He arose, and pacing the floor with hurried steps, the heart of Leopold pitied and partook of his distress. He would

have ſpoken comfort to him, but that he felt his calamity was too mighty to admit of conſolation. After a few moments, in which Mr. Mountjoy's agitation ſeemed rather to have increaſed than ſubſided, he, wringing his claſped hands, exclaimed, 'Oh, lord Dormer! if ever I forgive you, may pangs more acute than thoſe which now rend my heart deſtroy me! May the offspring of your guilt and my ruin live to curſe and be curſed by you!'

Leopold, whom the name of Dormer had nearly ſtupified with horror, was rouſed by the concluding ſentence, and, ſcarcely knowing what he did, ruſhed out of the apartment, and, going to his own, ſat down to ruminate on this ſtrange event; but finding the chaos in his mind

too great to admit reflection, he forbore the attempt, and, with an appearance of calmness, proceeded to separate such presents as he had received from his abused patron, from such things as belonged to himself. This done, he descended to the fields, wandering from place to place, until the darkness reminded him that it was night, and that he had no place wherein to rest his aching head.

He now bent his steps to the nearest public-house, and, after a night, to which all his former might have heen termed peaceful, he rose, and taking a chaise, drove to the town of ———, twenty miles distant; where alighting at an inn, and feeling himself somewhat recovered from the petrifying shock of the preceding

day, he determined to write to Mr. Mountjoy, as it was neceſſary to account for his abrupt departure. This he was prevented doing for ſeveral days by a ſevere cold that he had taken, which, combined with the violent agitation of his mind, brought on a fever, and confined him to his bed. At the end of a fortnight, however, he found himſelf ſufficiently recovered to complete this arduous taſk, and thus he wrote:

'Sir,

'Although conſcious of my own innocence, I tremble while I addreſs you, and worlds would not bribe me again to meet your eye; yet be aſſured, while memory retains her ſeat, your kindneſs will ſtand recorded on the tablets of my heart. Little did you think, ſir, that the

being whom you had honoured with your protection, and on whom your bounty had lavished daily favours, was the son of that man whom you are bound to execrate, and by the woman who has deceived and ruined you.

'Yes, sir, I am that Leopold; that offspring of guilt and ingratitude; that miserable proof of a mother's infamy, whom you beheld receiving nourishment from her bosom, and this the sorrow which your humanity would have driven from my heart. When I reflect on the extraordinary circumstance of my being under your protection, I scarcely hope to convince you that it was not the premeditated insult, or artful contrivance of those who had destroyed your peace; and should not

my for ever renouncing your favour, and declaring who I am, exculpate them and me, I have nothing better to offer; as I ſhall, coming in the queſtionable ſhape I do, hardly obtain belief, when I aſſert my entire ignorance of my father's connexions, no one of whom, except lord Delfield, have I ſeen ſince my infancy, and him only for one moment, as a ſtranger, and the accepted lover of lady Caroline Grimſtone.

'The early knowledge of my infamous birth, with the unkindneſs and neglect of the authors of it, having rendered them odious to my thoughts, I have avoided ſuch opportunities as might otherwiſe have informed me that you were the laſt of all mankind with whom I might ſeek ſhel-

ter; and never will the aſtoniſhment, the confuſion, the horror, of that diſcovery, be effaced from my memory. Your imprecations ſtill ſhake my frame. Alas! are they not at leaſt half accompliſhed? Do not my wretched parents execrate the publiſher of their ſhame, and is he not the verieſt wretch? Yes, moſt injured of men, if you can derive conſolation from the ſufferings of the baſtard Leopold, it is yours; for you may reſt aſſured that he has never known the bleſſing of content.

'Leopold.'

This letter, with one to the ſteward directing the returning of Mr. Mountjoy's preſents, and the forwarding whatever belonged to him according to the direction he incloſed, was diſpatched, and

found Mr. Mountjoy (for whoſe change of name we muſt account to our readers, by telling them that, while abroad, he had formed a friendſhip with a gentleman of the name of Mountjoy, who, not having relations, at his death bequeathed his very large fortune to Edmund Greville, with a requeſt that he would take the name and arms of Mountjoy, which he had accordingly done), greatly ſurpriſed, and not a little anxious, at the unaccountable abſence of his favourite, for ſuch Leopold had in an uncommon degree become; particularly when the look of melancholy which he too commonly wore, deſtroyed the reſemblance to lord Dormer, which a ſmile never failed to revive, and which would, if any thing could, have

ſteeled the heart of his patron againſt him.

Having in vain expected from day to day to ſee him, or at leaſt receive ſome apology for his unceremonious departure and protracted return, he began to be ſeriouſly alarmed. He recollected the utter deſpondence which appeared to weigh down the youth, ſince his return from the Park; and almoſt feared that he had raſhly preſumed to lay down a life of which he ſeemed to have become weary. Indeed his firſt concluſion had been, that ſomething extraordinary had drawn him to viſit Mr. Marchmont, whence he ſhould receive his excuſes. Inſtead of which, a letter ſoon reached him from that gentleman, to know if Mr. Howorth was ſtill

under his protection, and then actually living in his houſe; to which he had replied by a detail of his ſudden departure, and his own fears for his ſafety; and was, at the time he received Leopold's letter, debating on the moſt probable means of gaining ſome intelligence about him.

At ſight of the hand-writing, he eagerly broke it open; but to picture the aſtoniſhment occaſioned by its contents is impoſſible, and to deſcribe his varying ſenſations would be nearly as difficult. Suffice it to ſay, pity for the hapleſs youth ſometimes glanced acroſs his mind.

The ſteward, in compliance with the order he had received, forwarded Leopold's baggage, and with it two letters

which had arrived during his abſence. On perceiving theſe, Leopold felt a ſenſation of pleaſure, knowing that they came from Mr. Marchmont and his friend Ferdinand. Friendſhip gave way to gratitude; and he firſt opened that which came from his early protector, and read as follows:

'In robbing me of my daughter, you have ruined yourſelf. She is my child, and, when ſhe calls for my protection, ſhe ſhall not call in vain; but you, Leopold, have deceived me; wantonly and cruelly deceived me. I will never hold converſe with you more. I have been to you as a parent. I have borne you the affection of a fond one; you have repaid me with treachery. Be it ſo. I will not wound you

of myſelf by upbraidings; to your conſcience I leave the puniſhment of my wrongs.

'MARCHMONT.'

The diſtreſs of Leopold on reading this letter was very great. He ſaw that the thoughtleſs and miſguided Ellen had fled from her father's protection; but with whom, or why it was ſuppoſed to be with him, he could form no idea. That the companion of her flight was unworthy ſuch a mark of her confidence he greatly feared, from the clandeſtine manner in which he had obtained it. In the hope that Ferdinand's letter might elucidate the buſineſs, he inſtantly opened it; but the contents, inſtead of relieving, overwhelmed him

with ſorrow, and remorſe. They were theſe:

'When I confided to you my attachment to lady Caroline Grimſtone, I thought you my friend; one whoſe honour was dearer to him than life, and on whoſe faith I might with ſafety reſt my exiſtence. I now know you better, know you for what you are—a villain! who, having wound himſelf into my heart and confidence, has given a fatal ſtab to the one, by turning the other to his own advantage. Are you not the profeſſed lover of her whom I informed you I was on the point to aſk as the partner of my future days? and have you not robbed me of her affections?

'Yes, ungenerous, ungrateful Leopold, ſuch is the return you have made to the man, who would have deemed no hazard too great to encounter, ſo it might ultimately turn to your advantage; but be aſſured that lady Caroline ſhall not be impoſed on; ſhe ſhall be informed, that the pretender to Mr. Mountjoy's patronage, the future ſtateſman, is the nameleſs object of my father's bounty; an impoſtor, a hypocrite, a deceitful friend. If after this ſhe hold you worthy her eſteem, why be it ſo; I ſhall have performed my duty, and ſhe is to decide upon the propriety of uniting her fate with one whoſe expectations, like his morality, conſiſt of falſehoods, invented to deceive the unwary.

'Little did I ſuppoſe the pauſe in our correſpondence, which filled me with fears for your ſafety, was only to cover your reſidence at lord Grimſtone's. This, with your entire ſilence reſpecting his lordſhip's family, or your having even ſeen her ladyſhip, confirms all that I have heard, too powerfully to admit of doubt or contradiction, therefore any efforts to juſtify yourſelf would be fruitleſs. I ſhall not ſeek you, and would wiſh you to avoid a meeting, which, in deſpite of the reluctance I feel to arm myſelf againſt the man I have loved as a brother, muſt prove fatal to one of us.

'FERDINAND MARCHMONT.'

Leopold read theſe letters ſeveral times,

without being able to account for the entire ſilence of each as to the crime alleged by the other, until the poſt-mark of Ferdinand's convinced him that he was not, at the time of writing it, with his father, of courſe unacquainted with his ſiſter's elopement, which equally elucidated Mr. Marchmont's conduct. Could Leopold have juſtified himſelf to his friend, as eaſily as he could to his benefactor, theſe letters, inſtead of wringing his heart and diſtracting his brain, would have excited only participation in their ſufferings; but a ſudden diſcovery of the truth ruſhed acroſs his mind, and drove him to deſpair. He felt that, though innocent in intention, he had been criminal in act, and that no aſſeveration of his miſtake, however ſo-

lemnly made, could obtain credit with Ferdinand. Time, he knew, would juſtify him to Mr. Marchmont, by proving that he had been in error; but the eſteem of his ſon was forfeited for ever.

Miſerable and dejected, he once more retraced all the events of his life, and, as is too often the caſe, exaggerated every evil occurrence; while, with the ſame facility, he detracted from every good, until his mind, habitually melancholy, ſunk into a ſlothful inſenſibility; and he paſſed whole days in wandering round the adjacent country, without having any object in view, and nearly without obſerving thoſe which preſented themſelves.

In this ſtate we reluctantly leave him, while we return for a ſhort time to ſome of his former friends, with whom we have not lately been in company.

CHAPTER X.

THE departure of Leopold was ſeverely regretted by almoſt every individual of the Marchmont family; even Ellen felt ſome pangs of remorſe for the ungenerous part ſhe had acted; and Ferdinand, though occupied by his newly-inſpired paſſion for lady Caroline Grimſtone, did not fail to remonſtrate with his father, and even to condemn the removal of his friend, though evidently intended for the benefit of that friend; for Mr. Marchmont had thought proper to conceal the real motives which induced this ſeparation; nor

had Ferdinand the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of any attachment ſubſiſting between his ſiſter and him.

Miſs Marchmont had been greatly pleaſed with the young ſtranger whom we have mentioned to have been her partner on the evening when ſhe refuſed to dance with Leopold. This gentleman ſhe had again met, and their approbation being mutual a clandeſtine correſpondence was commenced, the lover declining, on ſome pretence, an introduction to her family; nor had any part of it the ſmalleſt know-ledge of her having formed ſuch an ac-quaintance. Colonel Aſhton's viſits had been frequent, and did not appear to be in anywiſe diſagreeable to Ellen, which reviv-ed the hopes of her father, inſomuch that he

looked forward to the completion of his wishes respecting his daughter's marriage.

These were in a moment destroyed by her unaccountable elopement; on the discovery of which the servants had been questioned as to their knowledge of any person having been seen about the house, or any letters delivered to their young lady, when her own woman confessed that she had brought several packets from the post-house, on the seal of which were the letters L. H. and that she had frequently left others there, directed to Mr. Howorth, to be left until called for; which, though the apparent secrecy had surprised, by no means alarmed, her.

To describe the effect which this intel-

ligence had upon Mr. Marchmont, would be difficult; nor can we determine whether the imprudence of his daughter or the ingratitude of his late protegé moſt oppreſſed him; though entertaining no doubt of his being the ſeducer, he diſpatched the inquiry that we have mentioned to Mr. Mountjoy, and was in return informed of Leopold's extraordinary abſence. Thus confirmed in his fears, he had written the letter which had been forwarded to our hero, and which he had ſent to Mr. Mountjoy's, as affording the moſt probable means of receiving it.

Ferdinand, who had been for ſome time from home, knew nothing of this event; but, having made an offer of his hand to lady Caroline Grimſtone, and,

contrary to his expectations, been refused, on the plea of her affections not being in her power to bestow; and having likewise learned the rejection of the marquis Desmond; he became anxiously curious as to the happy object of her ladyship's preference; and chance throwing the marquis in his way, he affected to rally him on his disappointment, asking, at the same time, if he knew who was the fortunate rival of his lordship?

'Lady Caroline,' replied the marquis, 'is a chip of the old block, as her mother-in-law would say; and being determined to tread as near as possible in the steps of her respectable father, who married his kitchen-wench, she has bestowed her il-

lustrious affections on the *commis* of that cynic statesman, Mountjoy.'

Ferdinand hastily demanding the name of this person, was answered, it was either Howorth or Leopold, but which he could not undertake to determine, as they called him both, and he had not been at the trouble to ascertain which was right.

'It is impossible!' cried Ferdinand. 'Leopold knows not, nor has ever seen, lady Caroline; and if he had, he has too much honour, too much gratitude, too much affection for me, to supplant me in the heart of——.' He paused: but not so soon as to leave a doubt upon the mind of his auditor, who, without appearing to notice the discovery that he had made, replied,

'About the honour, gratitude, and affection of ſuch people, I know nothing, having never, nor ever intending to put them or their ſentiments to the teſt; but what I ſee with my own eyes, hear with my own ears, and what I know to be true, I ſhould ſuppoſe I might rely upon.'

'And what,' eagerly inquired Ferdinand, 'have you ſeen? What have you heard? What do you know?'

'I know,' returned the marquis, 'that this Mr. Howorth, alias Leopold, alias any thing elſe, is at this preſent moment, and has been for at leaſt ſix weeks paſt, a reſident at lord Grimſtone's, where he eats all which that noble epicure recommends; praiſes Nelly's cookery, and Nelly's con-

versation; teaches the young lord his alpha and omega; and makes love to his sister. I have seen their languishings, their oglings; have heard their sighings, their love ditties, and their cooings. Will this satisfy you? If it will not, have but a little patience, and lady Caroline Leopold, alias Howorth, will be announced to the astonished world. But what's the matter? One would suppose you were the rejected Strephon, instead of myself.'

Ferdinand felt that any further converse on this subject would only tend to expose the interest he took in what regarded lady Caroline; therefore, pleading sudden indisposition, he quitted him, and, entering the first coffee-house which presented, wrote the letter that we have seen to

that friend, who, but an hour before, had been dear to his heart, and whom we left deploring the unintentional breach of confidence and friendship of which he had been guilty.

In one of his wanderings, when his mind was more than commonly gloomy, he was accosted by a beggar, whose squalid appearance and faltering accent bespoke the extreme of wretchedness. Leopold hastened to relieve his wants, and was pursuing his way, when the trembling mendicant fell to the ground in a fit. Our hero ran for some water, and having loosened the rag which was tied about the sufferer's neck, he began to revive, and faintly articulating the name of Howorth, shortly after added, ' Is the

miserable Villars so altered that you cannot recollect him?'

Leopold, gazing on the speaker's face for a moment, exclaimed, 'Mighty God! Can this be possible? You are indeed Villars! What has befallen you? Why are you thus reduced?'

'A few years of folly,' he replied, 'have been, I trust, fully atoned by those of misery by which they have been succeeded. My story is too long for my fast failing strength to relate, neither has it any thing in it eventful or extraordinary. Idleness has been my bane. Had I employed the abilities I possessed in seeking an honourable maintenance, I had this day been the pride of my connexions, as I

am now their difgrace; but becaufe I could not command what I wifhed, I yielded to the firft difappointment, and wafted my hours in indolent repining, until poverty and contempt, the certain attendants of floth, accompanied by difeafe, overtook and reduced me to the deplorable ftate you now witnefs. I have procured an order to be admitted into an hofpital, where I fhall, at leaft, be fheltered from the neceffity of imploring compaffion from ftrangers; but this afylum I had defpaired of reaching, when your charity removed my fears by relieving my wants. I fhall now, I hope, arrive at my deftination, and refign that life in obfcurity, which, more actively employed, might have terminated with honour to myfelf, and regret to my friends.'

Leopold, ſhocked and afflicted by the dreadful reverſe in the fortune of this young man, who had been a college acquaintance, inſiſted on not leaving him, before he had placed him in ſome conveyance, where he would be ſheltered from the inclemency of the weather, and ſaved the fatigue which he was ſo little calculated to endure, of travelling on foot. This was ſoon obtained. After putting five guineas into his hand, and receiving a tear in return, they ſeparated, Leopold deeply ruminating on what he had ſeen and heard; nor could he refrain from aſking himſelf what muſt be the end of his own career, if his preſent conduct were purſued but a ſhort while longer. Aſhamed at his want of energy, he reſolved to indulge no longer in the ignoble

inactivity by which he had suffered himself to be governed; and, returning to the inn at which he had resided since he left Mr. Mountjoy, discharged his bill.

This gave him new cause for self-condemnation; for, liberal as had been Mr. Marchmont's supply on his going to Mr. Mountjoy, he now found himself reduced to twenty guineas. He knew, indeed, that some money was due to him from his late patron, for the time he had been in his employ; but he felt that he would rather perish than demand it, or again intrude himself upon the tortured recollection of that much-injured gentleman.

Determined to rely upon his abilities and industry for his future support; and

thinking the metropolis the place beſt calculated to ſecond his intentions; he took a ſeat in the ſtage for London; and, with a heart heavy and cheerleſs, placed himſelf in a corner of the vehicle, where, reſigning himſelf to the contemplation of his paſt misfortunes and future gloomy proſpects, he forgot that he was not alone, and allowed ſome ſighs to eſcape which but too well confirmed the tale of wretchedneſs which his countenance had told. Five other paſſengers occupied the carriage, four of whom ſeemed willing to improve the opportunity, by either making themſelves acquainted with the affairs of their companions, or diſcovering the importance of their own.

The converſation commenced with a

ſhowy-looking young woman, who wondered ' What our folks would ſay, if they know'd we were in a ſtage-coach.'

' Sure enough,' replied the female whom ſhe had addreſſed, ' they would think us mad; but, it is an old ſaying, Every thing is worth ſeeing once, thof I had no idea it was ſo bad; howſomever it will ſerve for a laugh. I think already I ſee the biſhop ſhake his fat ſides.'

Whether or not this had the deſired effect of aſtoniſhing their companions, we cannot determine, as no apparent notice was taken, and a momentary ſilence enſued, until the firſt ſpeaker, again addreſſing her friend, hoped, their dreſſes

would be done in time for the ball, or what ſhould they do?

'Bad enough, I fancy,' replied a fat ſour-looking woman, oppoſite to her; 'for few ſuch as you have a change to your backs.'

'Well,' rejoined a ſmooth, facetious-looking quaker, 'thee wil't make the biſhop ſhake his fat ſides with this too.'

The indignant lady had, with difficulty, waited his ſilence, before ſhe demanded in a haughty tone, 'Pray who are you, good woman, that pretend to judge of us?'

'If,' returned the perſonage to whom this was addreſſed, 'I am a good woman,

it is more than you are, whatever your mother may have been.'

' Insolent hussey!' began the exaspe-rated lady; when her friend, almost fainting with terror, exclaimed, ' For heaven's sake, my sweet friend, desist; what would my lord say, were he to know that you so forgot yourself, as to dispute with the low people in a stage-coach.'

' Oh dear!' said her opponent, ' we have got to a lord now; how we improve. Pray, Mem, an't you acquainted with the royal family? or may be you are one of them? and I may have had the honour of travelling with a princess in disguise, for aught I knows.'

'This town,' interrupted the quaker, 'which we are now entering, is famous for ale; art thou inclined to taste it?'

'I have not any objection,' replied the woman; 'but it would be impudent in these princesses to do so; for good wine, they say, makes us tell the truth; now if good ale should do as much, what will become of all their grandeur? For my part, I keeps a shop at Redriff, and pays my debts, and maintains my family, so I ben't afraid of drinking ale, nor brandy neither; it can't make me tell more; so, I thank God, I fears nobody.'

'Thou,' said the quaker, 'defiest the pope and the devil.'

'As to the pope,' returned the woman, 'I knows nothing about him; but if he is a great man, moſt likely theſe ladies does, for they bees acquainted with all the grand people you hear, with lords and biſhops, and ſuch like; but as to the devil, they won't tell all they knows about him, becauſe they eats his bread, and does his works too, which is more than they will do for any body elſe, I be bound to ſay.'

'Verily, maidens,' reſumed the quaker, 'thee art faint-hearted, inaſmuch as thee art two to one; but I do believe thee takes the wiſeſt part. Art thee going to the great city?'

One of the ladies anſwering in the ne-

gative, 'Where art thee going then?' ſaid the quaker.

'A little way further.'

'To thy friends?'

'I hope ſo.'

'Wilt thee ſtay any time?'

'Is it any buſineſs of thine?'

'Verily no, maiden.'

Both the girls now tittered; and their former antagoniſt was preparing to defend the inquiſitive quaker, when, the coach ſtopping, the driver inquired if

any body wiſhed to alight; on which, one of the young women declared ſhe could endure that ſhocking conveyance no longer; therefore, if their carriage was not com'd, they would take a poſt-ſhay, till they met it, and departed; the other vowing, that ſhe had never met any thing ſo tireſome or ſtupid ſince ſhe was born. At the word ſtupid, her eye glanced at Leopold, whom ſhe had ogled, and encouraged by every poſſible means, but without his even knowing that ſhe ſaw him.

They had no ſooner quitted the carriage, than the other female paſſenger called out, 'Coachy, do tell me who theſe jill-flirts be?' to which he replied, 'Who? them, why Mrs. Hopkins, they

be two ſarvants as lives at the biſhop's. She that goes firſt, as I am told, dreſſes my lady biſhop's wigs, and makes her pantaloons; and the other tends upon ſhe.'

The good woman now chuckled at the proof ſhe had given of her diſcernment. A few miles further on, ſhe reſigned her ſeat. The quaker, whoſe curioſity had been greatly increaſed by the unbroken taciturnity of Leopold and the other paſſenger who had remained, now made ſome general obſervations, to which the ſtranger replied with a civil brevity, by no means ſatisfactory. He then inquired how far he was going? whether he was on a journey of pleaſure? how long he ſhould ſtay in London?—until the gentleman, wearied by his impertinence, aſked him, if he travelled much farther in that carriage?

'Verily, I think not,' ſaid the quaker.

'Then, ſir, as I make it a rule to aſk as many queſtions as I anſwer, I muſt loſe no time; and therefore to begin, Who are you? and what right have you to inquire into my concerns? When you have anſwered theſe, I have others to propoſe.'

The quaker groaned in ſpirit, and, turning to the window, obſerved a profound ſilence until he arrived at the place of his deſtination.

The ſtranger and our hero were now alone: the latter felt it incumbent on him to attempt ſomething like converſation; and, raiſing his eye, met that of the ſtranger, who had indeed, from their

entering the vehicle, been occupied by the interefting but melancholy countenance of his companion, which befpoke good fenfe, foftened by humanity; and, before Leopold could fpeak, he, addreffing him with a voice of benevolence, faid, ' I am very much afraid, young gentleman, that you are in ill health, and that the chattering of thofe filly people muft have difturbed you.'

Leopold thanked him, adding that his health was good, and that, in truth, his mind had been too deeply occupied to notice what had paffed. The clergyman, for fuch he was, replied, ' You are a young man, fir, to think fo deeply; yet, as I read in your countenance, that your thoughts will never be employed but for

the good of your fellow-creatures, I can ſcarcely regret the premature gravity which they have planted.'

'Alas, ſir!' ſaid our hero, 'my thoughts or my actions have as yet been of uſe to no one. I am now on the point of endeavouring to make them ſerviceable to myſelf; whether or not I ſhall ſucceed, time muſt determine. My hopes are not very ſanguine.'

'If,' returned the ſtranger, 'you would not deem me impertinent, I ſhould inquire what is the object of your purſuit.'

'Far from deeming you impertinent, I feel indebted for the intereſt your inquiry

beſpeaks, and do not heſitate to inform you, that it is a maintenance I ſeek.'

'By what means?'

'Upon my word, ſir, I hardly know; but I have received an excellent education, and, as my expectations are moderate, I ſhould hope that, aided by induſtry, it may enable me to ſatisfy them. My preſent plan is to write for the preſs.'

The gentleman, ſhaking his head, after a ſhort pauſe, aſked, if he had ever publiſhed?

'Never.'

'Have you any intereſt with reſpectable bookſellers?'

'I have not any knowledge of a ſingle member of the trade.'

'You have then the patronage of the great?'

'No, ſir!'

'Nor the friendſhip of literary men?'

'I have not, ſir, a friend on earth.'

'I am afraid, that, however meritorious the produce of your labours may be, they will not ſucceed. It pains me to diſcourage you, my young friend;' and he took his hand, which he preſſed as he ſpoke; 'but, unprotected genius is of ſmall value in this country, while the diſ-

ficulties that it has to encounter are multitudinous and gigantic.'

'You ſurpriſe me, ſir. I had conceived that a work of merit could not fail to ſecure itſelf patronage, from the enlightened ſtate of our preſent nobility.'

'How will you prevail upon them to read it?'

Leopold, pauſing a moment, ſaid, 'Might I not dedicate my work to ſome one of them? Would it not then be read?'

'The dedication would, by him to whom it was addreſſed; and if ſufficiently high-ſeaſoned, and yourſelf well-dreſſed,

it might procure you the honour of tasting the great man's venison; but, if you merely adhered to facts, and only praised him for the virtues which he actually possessed, you and your book would be alike unnoticed. To be plain, sir, I have been an author, and never yet found any man too great to accept my dedication, or my book; nor great enough to recompence my labours. The fact is, they deem the honour of their name a very sufficient reward, though the odds are against its ever having sold a copy.'

'Indeed, sir! you have both surprised and discouraged me.'

'I am grieved to do so; but I speak from experience. You see before you a man, who has had the honour of flatter-

ing ſeveral men in very high ſtations; men, who, with one word, and, without any act of injuſtice, might have ſaved him from penury, anxiety, and diſappointment; but who has now a family to ſupport on ſeventy pounds per annum. Yet my education has been liberal, nor can I accuſe myſelf of any failure in endeavouring to make it uſeful to myſelf or others. Finding how unprofitable it was to write for the great, or to the great, I deſcended to the little; and ſent ſome of my firſt attempts in this way to one of the monthly publications, gratis. The readineſs with which they were inſerted raiſed my drooping ſpirits, and gave a ſpur to my induſtry; but, alas! I ſoon found, that to deſire a recompence was to depreciate my performances; they were

unnoticed, nor myſelf deemed worthy of any anſwer whatever, or even my manuſcript returned.

'I now offered a production, the labour of many tireſome days and ſleepleſs nights, for ſale; but was told that the price of paper, printing, and engraving, was ſo greatly increaſed, as to render it ruinous to publiſh the works of any man who had not great friends, or great fame. One bookſeller, indeed, had the temerity to ſay, that he would hazard the publication, and divide with me whatever profit might accrue at the end of two years. To a man in my ſituation, two years ſounded like a century, and drove me to the deſperate reſolution of publiſhing on my own account; for which I paid the penalty of

only one twelve-month's imprisonment, through the liberality of a gentleman of the trade, (for there are gentlemen in it,) who paid the expences that I had so rashly incurred; and, being a man of eminence in his profession, placed as far above the frowns of the world as he was above being oppressive or mean, I shortly had the ecstatic delight of seeing my work reach a third edition; and of receiving, though a late, yet a very considerable, recompence for my exertions and sufferings. But the fire of genius was extinguished; disappointment and mortification had damped my ardour in the pursuit of fame; and the dreary solitude of a prison had given a melancholy turn to my thoughts.

'I employed the money that I received, in preparing myſelf for holy orders; after which, through the intereſt of the friendly bookſeller, I was appointed to a curacy, which I have enjoyed for twenty years, without a hope of ever changing my ſituation. But if I have been deſtitute of hope, I have been equally ſo of fear; and, if I bow lower to the peer than to the peaſant, it is becauſe I feel more kindneſs for the little than the great man. Yet do I perform my duty to them both, by being equally juſt in cenſuring their vices, or extolling their virtues.

'You will pardon, ſir, this detail, which, although it ſavours of egotiſm, has been intended for your benefit, by ſaving

you from disappointments of which I have experienced the bitterness. Genius and education would formerly have procured you friends among the most valuable part of the inhabitants of Great Britain, I mean the middle rank; but that time is past. An ambition to vie with the great has produced an imitation of their vices and their injustice. Let it but be known that one man in power is your enemy, and you are certain that none of less consequence will be your friend.'

'Heavens, sir, how degrading a picture have you drawn! I would not for the world believe it the painting of an artist. Are our fellow-citizens so debased? our nobility so degenerated? Have they, whom Providence has exalted, ceased to

think for the benefit of thoſe below them——?'

'They have ceaſed to think at all,' interrupted the divine; 'and in that lies the evil. Would they think for themſelves, they would act differently; but the man in office is guided by his deputy, the great man out of office by his ſteward, and the man of middle rank by his footman. Nor dare they ſwerve from the dictates of theſe taſk-maſters. Were I a place-hunter, I would rather have the under-ſecretary for my friend, than his maſter. Let me be ever ſo ignorant or unworthy, with ſuch a ſhield I ſhould not heſitate to enter the liſts, nor fear to drive from the field that ſuppliant who has no other pleader than a regiſter of

toil, of wounds, and of loſſes obtained in the ſervice of his country.'

'If this be true, ſir,' ſaid Leopold, 'I will fly from a land where deſert is compelled to reſign its claims to the creature of a creature. But you are prejudiced; I can not, nor I will not, believe you.'

'May you find me ſo, young man. I am open to conviction; and earneſtly pant for the hour, when the honour of my country, and its rulers, may no longer be intruſted to the guidance of men, who, having no character to loſe, are indifferent as to that which their employers may obtain. But, before I drop this ſubject, I muſt clear your mind from the idea that it is my own diſappointments which have

dictated my censure. So far from which, I deem them trivial and unconnected with the subject. It is from the complaints of hundreds, who have faithfully served and highly merited the protection of their country, that I have spoken, but who are pining under neglect and poverty, because he who has the power to reward their merit, and redress their wrongs, is guided by one, his inferior in every thing but cunning; whom he loads with places, salaries, and fees of office, a tithe of which would have made several of his meritorious suppliants happy, and procured to himself their grateful blessings, with the respect of his country. These gratifications, with the applauses of his own heart, he barters, and for what? to satisfy the cravings of a being who will forsake him

the moment that his power to oblige him is at an end. But I have dwelt too long upon this ſubject, particularly as I have ſomething to offer to your conſideration, in which, if agreeable to you, I may have the power, as I have the inclination, of being ſerviceable. Should it prove otherwiſe, forget that the propoſal was made, or at leaſt believe it to have been dictated by the intereſt I take in your welfare, and a ſubſtitute for one more adequate to my wiſhes.

'A gentleman in my neighbourhood is at this time in want of a tutor for his ſon. I am unacquainted with his character, further than that he is rich and reſpectable; but ſhould you be inclined to try the ſituation, I believe, through the very

means I have been reprobating, my interest with this gentleman's steward, I can obtain it for you.'

Leopold appeared lost in thought, but at length said, 'If, sir, I seem to hesitate at your generous proposal, be assured it is from no cause, but that which my own embarrassed situation presents. To be received in the capacity you mention, some one of reputation must speak to my character and qualifications; of the latter, indeed, I might be able to give my own testimonials; but of the former, more satisfactory evidence would be required, which it is out of my power to produce. I had a friend, but he is no longer such!'

'Is it,' asked the stranger, 'from your demerits that he is lost?'

'He thinks so; and, until time has convinced him of his error, I will not wound his benevolent heart, by intruding myself upon his recollection.'

'Until then,' continued the divine, 'I must supply his place, and say for you all that your countenance tells me I may say with truth. You shall, therefore, if not particularly bent on going to London, go with me to my house, to which a few moments will bring us, and favour me with your company until you have either accepted or rejected the situation I propose.'

Leopold was interrupted in his expressions by the stopping of the coach at the door of a small but neat house, from which

came running three fine healthy children, to hail the return of their father, who, with our hero, was met at the entrance by two lovely girls of fourteen and ſixteen years of age. Nor was their mother backward in teſtifying the part ſhe took in the general joy.

After a frugal but wholeſome repaſt, the divine propoſed ſending for his powerful friend, the ſteward; who ſoon arrived, and did not heſitate to aſſure Leopold that he might reſt ſatisfied of obtaining the place of governor to the young gentleman; and accordingly the next morning a meſſage was received, requiring his attendance at Cropredy Bridge, the ſeat of Mr. Cleveland, whither he went at the appointed hour, and was ſhewn to that

gentleman; who, enveloped in fleecy hosiery, sat supported by pillows in an easy chair. He apologised for not rising to receive our hero, who expressed his concern for the apparent ill state of his health. These compliments over, Mr. Cleveland pointed to a chair close to his own, on which Leopold had no sooner seated himself, than the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, leaned so forward as to be in danger of meeting the face of his companion, into which he gazed for several minutes, to the great annoyance of his visitor. At length he asked, 'Pray, Mr. Howorth, how does your father do?'

Leopold started, but, recovering himself, replied, that he had no father.

'I am truly ſorry for it,' ſaid Mr. Cleveland; 'I think it was of a dropſy that he died—was it not?'

'I never knew my father, ſir.'

'Bleſs me, I had forgot that; but I recollect now—no—you never knew your father, you are perfectly correct. Have you any children, Mr. Howorth?'

'I have never been married, ſir.'

'You are a happy man, Mr. Howorth.'

Leopold, who began to think the old gentleman was in his dotage, ſaid, 'My friend, ſir, —

'Ah!' interrupted Mr. Cleveland, 'I miſtake; it is a friend, and a very good ſort of man he is; always ſtaunch. Some of your progenitors did themſelves honour and their country ſervice in the battle of Cropredy Bridge, Mr. Johnſon.'

'Sir,' ſaid Leopold, who began to doubt whether his companion was a fool himſelf, or making one of him, 'my name is Howorth, and not Johnſon. I have attended here by the appointment of your ſteward, who informed me that you deſired to ſee me.'

The old gentleman appearing greatly confuſed, and at a loſs what to ſay, Leopold proceeded.

'He ſaid, ſir, that you was in want of a governor for your ſon.'

The word governor ſeemed to reſtore his faculties, for he again interrupted him, ſaying, 'Ah, ſir! once I had governments and greater things to beſtow; but times are altered; yet do not deſpair Mr. Henchly (I think you ſaid your name was Henchly); though our cauſe is low at preſent, the wheel will turn, when, depend upon it, your ſervice ſhall not be forgotten. Your name ſtands very forward on my liſt.'

Compaſſion was now the only ſentiment in the breaſt of our hero, who was on the point of taking his leave, when the ſteward entered, and immediately acquainted

his employer who the ſtranger was, and the purport of his viſit; when, without the leaſt embarraſſment, he ſaid, 'We have talked the matter over, Gordon, and the gentleman promiſes to anſwer all our wiſhes; you will therefore ſettle the preliminaries, and put him in poſſeſſion of his credentials.'

Upon a motion from the ſteward, Leopold followed him to another apartment; when that gentleman informed him, that it had been his intention to be preſent at this interview, otherwiſe he ſhould have made him acquainted with the old gentleman's infirmity, who, though not poſitively mad, was ſo much deranged, as to impreſs ſtrangers with that opinion. 'But, ſir,' he continued, 'let not this diſcourage

you; Mr. Cleveland is a man of humanity, generosity, and honour. He was once likewise a man of understanding, but which the infirmities attendant upon age, with some disappointments in life, have greatly impaired. Formerly he was an active member of administration, at which time he lost, in the service of his country, a son who was the pride of his father's heart. To divert his melancholy thoughts, he dedicated his hours to reading. Clarendon's History of the Rebellion made a part of his studies, and the fate of our unfortunate monarch, Charles the first, left a deep impression on his mind, which, with the loss of his son, had rendered him unfit for the duties of his office; and a new arrangement of the ministry having taken place, in which his name was omit-

ted, irritating the former ſymptoms of his malady, produced a total diſtraction. He fancied the king dethroned, and the whole country in rebellion; that his ſon had fallen in the cauſe of the diſtreſſed monarch; and that himſelf was reduced to beggary. In a word, had all that his diſtempered fancy feared been true, the poor gentleman could not have ſuffered more than he has done for ſeveral years. He is, however, now greatly recovered, though he ſtill employs himſelf with infinite perſeverance for the reſtoration of a man who has been dead theſe hundred and fifty years; yet in other reſpects he is often rational, nor will you even in this find him offenſive, though often tireſome and ridiculous. His ſon, your intended pupil, is the child of a ſecond

marriage, and a fine ſpirited youth, but ſpoiled by indulgence, and a too early initiation into life. Mr. Cleveland's terms are liberal, and his treatment honourable; I therefore wiſh you may accept a ſituation which I feel perſuaded a ſhort trial will induce you to approve.'

Leopold, thanking him for the trouble he had ſo obligingly taken, agreed to enter on his employment the following day. Upon his return to Cropredy Bridge, he was ſhewn to the dreſſing-room of Mrs. Cleveland, a woman about ſeven and forty years of age, of a fine perſon, and with a countenance which beſpoke good ſenſe, ſpirit, and vivacity. She received him with a well-bred eaſe; informing him, that, in the education of her ſon,

ſhe wiſhed to blend pleaſure with inſtruction; that ſhe had not any ambition to ſee him either a ſcholar or a blockhead, his fortune being ſufficiently large to render the one unneceſſary, and the other diſgraceful. One thing ſhe wiſhed to obſerve, which was, that he would be expected to attend his pupil into company, and indeed to be his conſtant companion, uniting the character of his friend with that of his inſtructor. She then deſired her ſon to be called, and a tall handſome youth of fourteen appeared, with all the poliſh and grace of a man of faſhion. Mrs. Cleveland ſhortly leaving them together, he entered into converſation with a degree of eaſe, that proved he had, at that early period, been well-inſtructed, at leaſt in the art of polite converſation.

In the eating-room our hero found ſeveral ſtrangers, to whom the maſter of the houſe preſented him as a cavalier of noble extraction, who had ſuffered by his loyalty. More abſurdities would have probably followed,had not Mrs.Cleveland, ever on the watch to prevent him from expoſing his infirmity, preſented Leopold as Mr. Howorth, a friend of her ſon. By the aſſiduous care of this lady, politics were not introduced, and upon moſt other ſubjects her huſband could be rational. The dinner, therefore, paſſed pleaſantly, and Leopold ſaw no cauſe to repine at his ſituation. Mr. Cleveland appeared hoſpitable and friendly, his wife attentive and well-bred, the youth affectionate, and anxious to occupy his tutor's time in any employment ſave that very one for which

he was engaged. But, in truth, learning was not the paſſion of Auguſtus Cleveland; and Leopold ſoon diſcovered, that a companion to public places was to be nearly the whole of his duty; that to ſpeak French fluently, and Engliſh correctly, was the utmoſt ambition of his pupil; nor, if we except dancing elegantly, and caricaturing happily, were his mother's deſires on his account more unreaſonable.

After ſome weeks paſſed at the Bridge, during which our hero was alternately taken, by its unfortunate poſſeſſor, for the ſon of the depoſed monarch, for a ſpy, and for a noble cavalier; the family removed to town, where the little time which had been aſſigned to ſtudy was

thrown into that dedicated to amusement, against which all the arguments of Leopold proved ineffectual. Greek and Latin made his pupil gloomy, algebra confused his ideas, geography affected his health, and as to reading, they had already had one miserable instance of its baneful effects in the family. His salary was liberal, his accommodations splendid, and his treatment respectful; yet he was not happy, nor even contented. He felt that his services were unequal to his rewards; and the thought of lady Caroline being destined to another, and that other his fortunate brother, preyed upon his heart, and he lived in the haunts of pleasure, while every feeling of his soul was at variance with the very name.

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE our hero was one evening attending Mrs. Cleveland and her ſon to the opera, he, at the deſire of the latter, accompanied him to the pit, where he had not been long ſeated, when the entrance of a lady attracted every eye to the box that ſhe occupied. Among the reſt, Leopold looked up, when the well-remembered countenance of Miſs Marchmont caught his eye, and diſordered his frame. She was unaccompanied by any other female, and her dreſs, though coſtly in the extreme, ſuch as ill-ſuited the daughter of his revered benefactor.

Leopold thought that while it difplayed the uncovered beauties of her form and bofom, it likewife difclofed the nakednefs of her mind. Eager to obferve her more nearly, he placed himfelf in the paffage through which fhe muft pafs from her box, where fhe at length appeared alone, and unprotected; a gentleman who had attended her, having left her, and given his arm to a lady of diftinction. In this fituation fhe was foon furrounded by men of ton, who ftared impudently in her face, gazed on her bofom, whifpered, fmiled, and nodded to each other; until at length, one more bold than the reft, and whom he foon recognized for the marquis Defmond, accofted and offered her his arm; which fhe declining, the offer was repeated and haughtily refufed; when the mar-

quis ſuddenly taking her hand, rudely drew it within his arm, and was hurrying her away, in ſpite of her ſtruggles to releaſe herſelf.

Leopold, at no time conſiderate, at the ſight of this indignity offered to the daughter of the protector of his youth, loſt all ſelf-command, and advancing, with a blow laid the unmanly intruder at her feet. At that moment the ill-fated Ellen diſcovered who was her defender; and, uttering a loud cry, fell ſenſeleſs into his arms. Unheedful of the enraged marquis or his partiſans, he bore her through the crowd into the lobby, where ſhe ſoon recovered; but, inſtantly hiding her face with her hands, ſhe entreated him to leave her. Trembling and agitated,

he exclaimed, 'Leave you, Miſs Marchmont! what in this improper ſituation? Never. Tell me whither I can conduct you! Who is your protector? Whoſe ſervants am I to inquire for?'

'Leave me, Leopold,' was her only reply. 'The ſight of you has deſtroyed me. Leave me to the wretchedneſs and infamy which I have ſo juſtly merited.'

'Great God!' returned our hero, 'am I awake? Do not my ſenſes deceive me? Wretchedneſs and infamy!—Daughter of my friend, my more than father, ſpeak to me! retract that horrid ſentence; ſay not you have merited ——'

'I cannot, Leopold, for I am a wretch, the outcaſt of ſociety.'

'Alas! my benefactor,' cried the agonized youth, 'is it then come to this? Muſt I wiſh you dead? Muſt I hope that you no longer exiſt in a world to which you were an ornament?'

Miſs Marchmont aroſe with precipitation; ſaying, in hurried accents, 'Ceaſe, ceaſe your upbraidings, ſir; I am ſufficiently tortured by thoſe of my own heart;' and ſhe ruſhed to the door. Leopold followed, but was ſtopped by a gentleman who told him that the marquis Deſmond was impatient for ſatisfaction.

'He muſt wait,' replied Leopold, ruſhing forward; 'at this moment all the powers of hell ſhould not detain me.'

No one oppoſing him, he reached the

ſtreet, but without diſcovering any trace of her he ſought. Wildly running among the multitude of carriages which thronged the ſpace before the houſe, he called the name of Ellen, conjuring her not to leave him, until the loud laugh and unfeeling witticiſms of the ſurrounding ſervants, recalled his recollection, and made him bluſh for the folly of his conduct. He ſaw that any further ſearch for the fugitive was fruitleſs, and therefore re-entered the opera-houſe, in queſt of the marquis, but he had quitted it. Much company ſtill remained, and every eye was fixed on him. At length, addreſſing a box-keeper, he inquired the reſidence of the marquis Deſmond. Although this inquiry wasmade in a low voice, it was overheard by a gentleman, who, paſſing at the moment, ſaid, in an inſulting manner,

' I fancy it will be eaſier for you to find his lordſhip than it will be for him to find you.'

Leopold calmly demanded of him why he thought ſo.

' Becauſe,' returned the other, ' it is neither your intereſt nor principle to be found.'

' Perhaps,' replied Leopold, ' you wiſh to revenge his cauſe ?'

' I certainly,' purſued the gentleman, ' wiſh to chaſtiſe a ruffian and a poltroon.'

' It ſhould ſeem,' returned our hero, ' that you deem me ſuch ; and, that you

may not want an excuſe for proving your valour, take that;' ſtriking his hat from off his head.

A buſtle now enſued. The friends of the ſtranger vainly endeavouring to reſtrain his rage from taking immediate vengeance. Leopold waited the event with apparent indifference; when the voice of lady Caroline Grimſtone, calling upon the name of lord Delfield, and conjuring him to deſiſt, deſtroyed his apathy, and rouſed every feeling of his ſoul. The name of Delfield brought to his recollection the perſon of his brother in that of his adverſary; which nothing but the confuſion of his thoughts, with the darkneſs of the place, many of the lights having from the lateneſs of the hour been ex-

tinguiſhed, could have prevented his ſooner doing; yet, in this moment of trial, his firſt care was to pacify the fears of lady Caroline.

Approaching that lady, he reſpectfully intreated that ſhe would not alarm herſelf, as he was incapable of offering violence to any one in whoſe ſafety ſhe was ſo deeply intereſted; that he had not, in the preſent inſtance, been the aggreſſor; ſtill he was ready to ſubdue every indignant feeling, rather than interrupt her repoſe.

The deadly paleneſs occaſioned by the fright which ſhe had experienced, was in an inſtant exchanged for a bluſh of the deepeſt hue. She thanked him for his attention to her wiſhes, regretted that any

caufe of difference fhould exift between two friends whom fhe fo highly efteemed, and wifhed to become a mediator between them. Leopold affured her that the difference was now adjufted; and, wifhing her every happinefs, was withdrawing, when fhe faid, 'Do you ftay in town, Mr. Howorth? Shall we not ——' her words faltered, and fhe left the fentence unfinifhed. Leopold, bowing refpectfully, retired, after giving his card to a young man who had appeared to ftand foremoft as the friend of lord Delfield.

This gentleman, following our hero, faid, to prevent trouble, that his lordfhip would be in Hyde Park by feven o'clock the following morning. He now bent his courfe to the houfe of Mr. Cleveland,

in a ſtate of mind too dreadful to be deſcribed. He was on the point of lifting his arm againſt a brother, and poſſibly of robbing the idol of his own heart of the peace of hers. He ſhuddered at the terrifying idea. For the firſt time, ſomething like affection for his parents croſſed his mind, and he thought of their ſufferings, ſhould he deprive them of their ſon. The word ſon recalling his reſentment, he mentally exclaimed, 'I too am their ſon; would they drop a tear upon the grave of him whom their guilt alone has rendered hateful to them? No, no, no! Come, then, imperious honour, thy dictates ſhall be fulfilled. Should I fall, not a tear will embalm my memory, not a ſigh will be breathed for my luckleſs fate; I ſhall die and be forgotten. Should I

ſucceed, the murder of a brother will be another ſource of miſery to this already agoniſed boſom.'

He was the firſt at the place of appointment, attended by an acquaintance whom he had made at Mr. Cleveland's. They waited not long before lord Delfield appeared, accompanied by his uncle general Clements, who, addreſſing our hero, regretted the occurrence which had brought them together, inquiring if it were not poſſible that an accomodation might yet take place? Leopold replied, no man delighted leſs in warfare, or panted leſs to ſhed the blood of his fellow man, than he did. He had received an unprovoked inſult which he had revenged; he was therefore ſatisfied, either to retire peace-

ably or not, as his lordſhip might determine.

Lord Delfield haughtily deſired that he would take his ground. General Clements ſaid, as Mr. Howorth had received the firſt inſult, he thought him entitled to the firſt fire. This Leopold declined; and on leaving it to be decided by chance, it fell to lord Delfield, who fired and grazed the arm of his antagoniſt. Leopold then preſented his piſtol, which he held ſuſpended for a moment; then dropping it on the ground, as if communing with himſelf, ſaid, 'Not for worlds would I do it.'

His lordſhip called out, 'What means this, ſir? I wait your fire.'

'You wait,' ſaid Leopold, 'in vain. Live lord Delfield, your proſpects make long life deſirable; may you enjoy it! Your honour is ſatisfied, and I am content.' Then bowing to the general, he hurried away, leaving that gentleman, and indeed his nephew, greatly impreſſed in his favour. He had no ſooner diſappeared than the general, embracing his lordſhip, ſaid, 'Never, my dear Charles, did I know how much I loved you until I ſaw the peril you were in—had he fired ——'

'There would have been an end of my hiſtory, my dear uncle,' interrupted his lordſhip; 'his aim was ſo direct, that nothing but a miracle could prevent his bullet entering my heart. I can aſſure

you, it gave me a very queer ſenſation, and prompted me to ſay, what I thought would be my laſt prayer.'

'Let this eſcape,' replied the general, 'be henceforth a warning to you to correct your temper, at leaſt to prevent your engaging in other men's quarrels. This youth, by your own account, you groſsly inſulted; why he has ſpared your life we cannot conjecture. All that we know is, that his motive, be it what it may, has been beneficial to you.'

'Nor ſhall any falſe ſhame, or unbecoming pride,' returned his lordſhip, 'prevent my acknowledging the obligation, at leaſt ſo far as doing ample juſtice to his character will prove my gratitude.

But I am obliged to attend Desmond in the same capacity, on the same errand, and against this very gentleman, in which you have attended me.'

'I am extremely concerned to hear it,' answered his uncle; 'and if my interference can prevent it, no meeting shall take place, in which I insist upon your influence.'

This lord Delfield readily promised; and they instantly left the place to execute their intentions. Their kind offices however proved useless, from a circumstance that we shall now relate.

Leopold had, on his return to Mr. Cleveland's the preceding night, addressed

and ſent the following note to the marquis Deſmond.

'An engagement of importance will detain me, until half-paſt eight o'clock to-morrow morning; at which time I ſhall be in Kenſington Gardens, in readineſs to anſwer any demand the marquis Deſmond may have upon me.

'LEOPOLD HOWORTH.'

Upon quitting the Park, after his affair with lord Delfield, he therefore prepared to attend his appointment with the marquis; but finding that the wound he had received, though ſlight, ſtill continued to bleed, and that his clothes were conſiderably ſtained by what had iſſued from it, he determined, as there was time

ſufficient for the purpoſe, firſt to return to Mr. Cleveland's and change his dreſs.

Upon his entering that gentleman's houſe, he was ſurpriſed to learn that the ſuperiors of it were riſen at that early hour; and, in order to avoid them, he went directly to his own apartment, to which he was ſhortly followed by Mr. Cleveland, who, after eagerly embracing him, dropped upon his knee, entreating his royal highneſs's forgiveneſs for the unpardonable liberty into which his fealty and affection had ſeduced him. Leopold, ſad as was his heart, could ſcarcely forbear a ſmile. Anxious to be alone, he held out his hand to raiſe the ſuppliant; but which the diſtracted gentleman receiving as a gracious token of his royal maſter's favour,

he reverently kiſſed, ſaying, that he had prepared a trifling banquet, which, though much below his liege's acceptance, as it was inferior to the giver's wiſhes, he hoped he would deign to taſte.

Our hero, trembling at the delay, aſſured him that he had urgent buſineſs which called him forth at preſent, but an hour hence he ſhould be at his command. The old gentleman looking earneſtly in his face, then mournfully ſhaking his head, ſaid, in a ſolemn voice, 'Once paſs this portal, and the gates of death are cloſed upon you; never ſhall I more behold my ſovereign.'

The buſineſs in which Leopold was engaged recurring to his mind at this mo-

ment, he was almoſt induced to deem thoſe words prophetic; and ſomething like an idea that he ſaw this friendly being for the laſt time, preſenting itſelf, he preſſed his hand, ſaying, 'Farewell, kind ſir, may Heaven protect you!' and was going, when Mr. Cleveland called out to cloſe the portal and let down the draw-bridge. His voice having brought ſeveral ſervants to the ſtairs, he commanded them to ſeize the perſon of the prince and conduct him to the royal apartment. This order was inſtantly obeyed, as Mrs. Cleveland, from motives of regard to Leopold, had encouraged the ſervants to obey their maſter. She had learned his quarrel with the marquis on the preceding evening, and had been informed that his piſtols were taken that morning from the place which

they uſually occupied; therefore concluded that his preſent errand was for the deadly purpoſe of murdering his adverſary or being murdered by him. This ſhe thought might be deferred, if not prevented, by the crazy miſtakes of her huſband.'

The ſervants, as commanded, conducted our hero into an apartment, ſome time before fitted up for the reception of Charles the firſt, whom this unfortunate gentleman conceived to have made his eſcape from his enemies; and who, he had not doubted, would ſeek an aſylum in his caſtle. This hope not having yet been realized, he changed his opinion for one that the king had been executed, and believed that he now beheld his perſecuted offspring in the perſon of Leopold. Young Cleveland

having, on his return from the opera, given his father an account of the fray in which his tutor had been engaged, ſet the old man's mind a madding; and he had paſſed the night in planning, firſt the reſcue, and then the concealment of the royal ſufferer.

In this apartment was a magnificent canopy, under which our hero was placed, with a ſervant on each ſide, who were on no account to permit him to quit his ſeat. A robe of purple velvet was thrown over his ſhoulders, and the banqueting table was ſpread before him. All his efforts to releaſe himſelf proving fruitleſs, he ſat gloomily meditating on the inevitable infamy which this poor man's phrenzy had brought upon his name and character,

when a loud knocking at the door brought ſeveral ſervants armed with guns, ſwords, and piſtols, into the apartment; who all ranged themſelves, by the direction of their maſter, round the perſon of their king. In this ſituation was Leopold when general Clements entered, having come in queſt of our hero; and being, in the eſtimation of Mr. Cleveland, a cavalier in whom unlimited confidence might be placed, he had been permitted to pay his duty.

The ridiculous ſcene before him drove from the general's mind every word of the apology he had prepared for his intruſion, and the haſty entrance of Mr. Cleveland, who, kneeling at the feet of his priſoner, preſented a roll of parch-

ment, ſaying, 'Illuſtrious prince, ſet your royal ſignature to this act of indemnity, to ſecure your vaſſal from the puniſhment of offences into which his affection for your royal perſon, and zeal for your cauſe, have ſeduced him.'

General Clements, who had with difficulty reſtrained his mirth, was now ſo overcome by the deſponding look of Leopold, and the ſupplicating attitude of his jailor, that he burſt into a violent fit of laughter, which highly offended Mr. Cleveland; who was in the midſt of a declamatory reprimand on the indecency of ſuch conduct in the royal preſence, when the entrance of his lady, at whoſe nod all the guards as well as attendants had vaniſhed, changed his anger to affright, and

he loudly vociferated, 'Treason! treason!' but suddenly pausing as if to recollect himself, he exclaimed 'Yet, yet we may preserve him; we will anoint and crown your gracious head; "there's such divinity doth hedge a king;" but time is precious. I must procure what is necessary for the ceremony.' With these words he left the presence, retreating backwards, and was followed by Mrs. Cleveland.

He had no sooner passed the door than Leopold, darting forward, locked it after him, and disrobing himself, returned to general Clements, who had by no means recovered his gravity, saying, 'What, sir, are your commands with me? If to tell me that my name is branded with infamy, I have in these last ac-

curſed hours anticipated every evil in which this dotard's madneſs could involve me.'

The general, bowing, replied, 'Upon my honour, Mr. Howorth, I beg your pardon; but the eccentricity of this poor gentleman, added to the ſingularity of your diſtreſs, has made me guilty of a rudeneſs of which I feel aſhamed, and for which I entreat your forgiveneſs.'

'Oh! pray, ſir,' returned our hero, 'make no apologies on that ſcore, for I am fully ſenſible that the cauſe is a very ſufficient excuſe for the effect; but I am anxious to learn the occaſion of your viſit. You come from the marquis Deſmond, in whoſe opinion I am a ruffian and a coward.'

'I come,' anſwered general Clements, from lord Delfield, in whoſe opinion you are a brave and generous gentleman.'

'Then,' replied Leopold, 'the marquis may yet expect me. Pardon me, ſir, but I muſt not loſe another moment.'

'I crave a little of your patience,' cried the general; 'I but now parted from the marquis; lord Delfield is with him, and has diſpatched me with the olive branch. He has related your recent conduct, and the marquis can admire what he could not imitate. A very ſlight apology will ſatisfy his ſcruples. This, as you were the firſt aggreſſor, I think you cannot refuſe. You may have miſtaken his perſon, and be ſorry for your miſtake.'

'Impoffible, fir. I know lord Defmond well, and would repeat the chaftifement that he fo well merited.'

'What was his offence?'

'He infulted a lady.'

'Are you acquainted who the lady was?'

'Yes, fir; fhe is the daughter of a gentleman to whom I owe more than life; and I would defend her with my lateft breath.'

'Are you aware that fhe has forfeited all claim to the refpect of the world?'

'Unhappy Ellen! I did indeed suspect —But no matter, you are the daughter of my honoured and honourable friend. Beside, sir, she was a woman, and unprotected.'

'I did not come, Mr. Howorth, interrupted the general, 'to vindicate the marquis. Perhaps I condemn his conduct as much as you can; yet, in the general opinion, the character of the lady will furnish his excuse, while your interference will neither lessen her shame, nor the disgrace of her family, by making it the subject of conversation.'

Leopold was thoughtful, and the general proceeded: 'I have said that lord Desmond will be easily satisfied—in a word,

if you will intruſt your honour to my hands, ſuch regard as I would pay to my own it ſhall receive. Your conduct this day has inſpired me with a ſentiment of reſpect, of veneration, of gratitude, of affection, which induces me to take more than a common intereſt in what concerns you.' Leopold, whoſe heart was ever ſenſible to kindneſs, without heſitation empowered him to act between the marquis and himſelf in whatever manner his judgment ſhould dictate.

The general, thanking him for this condeſcenſion, ſaid, 'My errand to you is not yet finiſhed, being intruſted with a commiſſion from lord Delfield, which I ſhall execute with infinite ſatisfaction; it being to offer you the friendſhip of that noble youth, who requeſted me to ſay that

he ſhould deem the having met you once as an enemy a fortunate circumſtance, if he might henceforward be conſidered as your friend. He underſtands from the marquis, that you have engaged in a political purſuit, and bids me to offer you not only his own intereſt, but that of his father the earl of Dormer.'

Leopold, extremely agitated, replied, 'Think me not, ſir, ungrateful for his lordſhip's generoſity, or inſenſible of the benefit I might derive from an offer ſo flattering to me, and ſo honourable to his benevolence, when I inform you that I am compelled to decline both his friendſhip and the protection of his father. That theſe have been proffered, can never be effaced from my mind; that I cannot ac-

cept them, will ever fill it with the moſt painful regret; but circumſtances, of a nature which I cannot diſcloſe, have placed a barrier between me and his lordſhip which no time can remove.'

General Clements expreſſed his ſorrow, and took his leave.

Leopold now prepared to ſet out in ſearch of the ill-fated Ellen, with a determination never to relinquiſh his efforts until he had found and reſtored her to her family. In this purſuit we will leave him, while we go back to lady Caroline Grimſtone, whom we left at the opera-houſe, from which place ſhe returned anxious and unhappy.

She had no ſooner reached her apartment than ſhe addreſſed the following lines to her early friend Mr. Mountjoy.

'Late as the hour is, and exhauſted as I am by affright and fatigue, I cannot go to reſt until I have communicated the events of this evening to my friend and protector. I am juſt returned from the Haymarket theatre, whither I accompanied my aunt, and was attended by lord Delfield. On the concluſion of the opera, which was extremely crowded, his lordſhip went to learn if my carriage was in waiting. After a conſiderable abſence he returned, making an apology for my detention, which he informed me he feared would yet continue ſome time, as my carriage having ſtood firſt to take up,

had been obliged to make way for others, and of courſe would now be the laſt. He pleaded for excuſe, a fray in which his friend the marquis Deſmond had been engaged, with a perſon who had rudely and without any provocation groſsly inſulted him. Some time having elapſed, lord Delfield again went to make inquiries, but before he could return a friend of my aunt's brought me word that my name was called, and offered to conduct us, which we accepted. On deſcending the ſtairs, we beheld his lordſhip ſtruggling with two gentlemen, who appeared to reſtrain him from doing violence to a perſon whoſe back was to me. Eager to prevent miſchief, I haſtened to conjure him to be pacified, but without effect. He appeared mad with paſſion,

and I was hopeleſs of ſucceſs, when his adverſary bad me to quit my fears, as any one in whom I was ſo deeply intereſted muſt be ſafe from any attempt of his. The voice of the ſpeaker no ſooner reached my ear, than I recollected it to be that of your Leopold. It was indeed himſelf; but, gracious heaven! how altered. His face pale and dejected, his form waſted, and his whole perſon beſpeaking a great degree of either mental or corporal ſuffering. How I received him, or what I ſaid, I know not. All that I recollect is, that he coldly and formally withdrew, leaving me, if poſſible, more wretched and more charmed with his conduct than I had before been.

' Alas! there needed not that; but tell

me, ſir, how is this? Has Mr. Howorth left your protection? Has he been ill? Why is he in London? And why have you been ſo long ſilent? Relieve my doubts, I do beſeech you; and oh! that you could at this moment relieve my heart from the dread which oppreſſes it. Will not theſe violent ſpirits, lord Delfield and your Leopold, again meet? Too ſure they will. My aunt informs me ſhe heard an appointment made, at leaſt, ſhe heard Mr. Howorth ſay he ſhould expect his lordſhip at the hour of ſeven. Dreadful hour! When one of theſe unhappy men will probably be called upon to render up his account, all unprepared as he is for ſuch a reckoning. Gracious God! that man ſhould thus arm againſt his fellow! Thus to revenge ſome petty

inſult, ſome haſty word, ſpoken without meaning, and dictated by paſſion, ruſh upon eternity! Yet ſuch is the daily practice of beings who ſtile themſelves Chriſtians, and reaſoning creatures, and who would make no allowance for the unfortunate, although actuated by the ſame principle of revenge, which ſhould in the moment of phrenzy ſacrifice, perhaps, an enemy. No, to ſatisfy the law of honour, it is neceſſary that its diſciples ſhould permit their paſſions to cool; that they ſhould have time to deliberate upon the murder they are in hope to perpetrate. Oh! were I a law-maker, infamy ſhould attend the duelliſt. I would—ah, ſir! I talk wildly—I know not what I would.

' It is ſeven o'clock! Oh Leopold!

Oh Delfield! where are ye at this moment? Protect them, thou Almighty power who canſt change the thoughts of their hearts, and whoſe violence will ceaſe at thy bidding.

'Write to me, deareſt, beſt of friends. Say if your Leopold—alas! may he not then be loſt to you, and to the world! yet ſay if he retains your friendſhip, your affection.

'CAROLINE GRIMSTONE.'

To this letter Mr. Mountjoy wrote the following reply:

'Your letter has forced from me a detail, which I have ſome time wiſhed, but never had reſolution to enter upon.

Leopold—my Leopold you term him—is—the ſon of lord Dormer. Yes, he is the offspring of that guilt which has undone your friend; which has bowed down his head with ſhame and ſorrow. From himſelf I learned the dreadful truth. Some complaints of the evils which had purſued him, drew from me the particulars of my unhappy ſtory, which, agoniſed as I was myſelf, I could perceive greatly affected him, and I felt myſelf grateful for his ſympathy. Indeed, from his firſt introduction, I had felt a regard for this prepoſſeſſing young man, which not even his reſemblance to lord Dormer could ſubdue.

'During my agitation he had left the room, and, on my inquiring for him, he was

not to be found. A fortnight had elapsed without any intelligence of him, when I received a letter declaring who he was, and vindicating his parents and himself from any intentional insult or imposition in his being a member of my family. What I felt at this information you can imagine. To have been the protector of lord Dormer's son; to have made him my companion, my friend; to have been anxious for his health, and to have trembled for his peace—for the peace of the child of the perfidious Emma, appeared so strange and so incredible, that I doubted my senses. I even wished to continue to doubt them, and when I found this to be no longer possible, regretted that I had not been kept in ignorance. Yes, astonishing as it may seem, I meanly regretted the loss of this

ill-fated youth's ſociety. I grieved that I could not recall the curſes which he had heard me, in the anguiſh of my ſoul, imprecate upon his innocent—yes, his innocent head, for in the crimes of his parents he had no part; yet is he puniſhed for their offences, even by the authors of his ſhame is he contemned and abandoned; and this it muſt be which unites me to him. Yes, it is compaſſion for his deſerted ſtate, it is reſentment for the injuſtice of his deteſted parents, which have converted the deadly enmity I bore him, into an intereſt, a ſolicitude which can be no otherwiſe accounted for. But I muſt ſubdue ſenſations which, at this moment, compel me to ſhudder at the bare idea, that lord Delfield's genius may prove the ſtronger, and that this poor

deſerted child of infamy may fall by a brother's hand.

'He once told me that the events of his life were extraordinary. Should he fall in this combat, thoſe of his death will not be leſs ſo. A brother is his murderer; and the man on whom his birth has inflicted diſgrace, diſappointment, and deſpair of future peace, is perhaps the only one who will lament his untimely fate. Even lady Caroline Grimſtone muſt rejoice that lord Delfield proved ſucceſsful.

'I wiſh I had any conſolation to offer you; but that is impoſſible. Should lord Delfield ſurvive, you will not need any. Should the reverſe take place, you will

not accept ſuch as I ſhould have in my power to offer you.

'Heaven protect you.

'E. MOUNTJOY.'

'The reſult of this meeting will be early known to you, and I ſhall be anxious for ſuch information as you can give.'

Lady Caroline Grimſtone, previous to receiving the above letter from Mr. Mountjoy, had written the following:

'The duel is over, and the merciful Diſpoſer of Events has granted my petition; both are ſafe; and Leopold, ah! how ſhall I do juſtice to his conduct!—after receiving the fire of his adverſary he pre-

ſented his piſtol, when the accuracy of his level filled the breaſt of lord Delfield's friend with deſpair. In this attitude he pauſed: then dropping his piſtol, he ſaid in an inward voice, "Not for the world would I do it!" and, on being told by his lordſhip that he waited his fire, replied, "You wait in vain. Live, lord Delfield, *your* proſpects make life deſirable!"

'Was not this, my dear ſir, noble, generous, benevolent conduct? Lord Delfield acknowledges that it was, and owns he is indebted to him for life. As to give you this happy intelligence was my only motive for writing, I ſhall add nothing more than my prayers for your peace; and, I truſt, my needleſs aſſurance of the affection of your

'CAROLINE.'

On the receipt of Mr. Mountjoy's letter, her ladyſhip thus wrote in reply:

'Your communication, my revered protector, has amazed, confounded, and diſtreſſed me. What muſt have been your ſufferings? What thoſe of the ill-fated Leopold? I cannot reflect upon either of your ſituations at the moment of diſcovery, without the moſt painful compaſſion; but, when I turn to that where brother ſtood armed againſt brother, my ſoul ſhrinks back with horror, and I ſtart with ſickening ſadneſs from a ſcene ſo truly dreadful!

'This then was the cauſe of that nobleneſs of conduct which we have aſcribed to Mr. Howorth. Alas! he had

better merited that praiſe, had the voice of nature prompted him to avoid a meeting ſo derogating to his dictates; but this, I ſhall be told, honour forbade. Miſerable, inſufficient excuſe. Honour was meant to dignify and to improve mankind, not to degrade and plunge them into vice. To be honourable, is to be generous, candid, humane. To act honourably, is to riſe ſuperior to prejudice; to give more than common examples of magnanimity, of juſtice, of diſintereſtedneſs, and forbearance. This, ſir, is my idea of honour; if it be a juſt one, what becomes of the idol which this unnatural brother has ſet up? It is a libel, not a likeneſs, and honour diſdains all commerce with it. Let his conduct prove how very little their dictates agree. Was he gene-

rous, was he humane, in wishing to imbrue the hand of the unsuspecting lord Delfield in the blood of a brother? Was he candid in concealing from him who was his adversary? Where was the magnanimity which preferred a deed of horror to a breach of form? or where the justice in making another his executioner? To forbearance and disinterestedness I know he will be said to have a claim; but had they been displayed in turning aside his brother's wrath, and avoiding publicity, they had better merited applause, at least the applause of those who think like me.

'While such are my sentiments, it cannot be wondered at if my opinion of the principles of this unfortunate young man

has undergone a change, which I seriously regret, although convinced it will prove beneficial to myself.

'There are parts of your letter which I read with blended pain and pleasure. The bitterness of every implied censure upon my conduct, and the injustice done to my feelings, were softened by the certainty that they were dictated by pity for the luckless Leopold. Oh, sir! encourage that sentiment; he is friendless and destitute; he is unhappy. Let not the crimes of his parents deprive him of your protection.

'CAROLINE GRIMSTONE.'

We left our hero engaged in pursuit of the imprudent Ellen, whose vigilance in

avoiding him, being equal to his in the ſearch of her, eluded all his efforts; and he reluctantly reſigned her to her fate, while he returned to the duties of his irkſome office.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGE of ſcene being deemed beneficial to the mind of Mr. Cleveland, the family prepared to viſit an acquaintance at ſome diſtance from town, and our hero was deſired to attend his pupil. The hope which he had entertained of leiſure and retirement in this rural excurſion, he ſoon found had been fallacious; the ſports of the day only gave place to the more ſplendid revels of the night. One crowd of viſitants ſucceeded another, and ball followed ball. At one of theſe he was ſurpriſed by a familiar ſlap on the ſhoul-

der, and the ſalutation of 'How do, How-orth?—ſtupid as ever I ſee—what's become of the quizzes?—Ellen's off I find—glad of it—always thought her a girl of ſpirit—moped to death among you.' This had been uttered with ſuch rapidity, as to prevent his expreſſing either ſatisfaction or ſurpriſe, other than was conveyed in the words, 'Miſs Weſtbrook!' Indeed, her mention of the daughter of his benefactor had recalled images to his mind, which deprived it of every other recollection, until a loud laugh from his unfeminine addreſſer ſomewhat arouſed him, when he attempted ſome civil inquiries concerning Mrs. Weſtbrook and her brother; to which ſhe replied, 'All a fudge—you never ſaw them—only a trick to bore the old don Prudence. But come—want

to dance—no man to be had—take you till ſomebody better offers.'

Ill-diſpoſed as Leopold was to the amuſement, and leſs ſo to the partner, he ſuffered himſelf to be conducted to the ſet. His compliance was dictated more by curioſity than politeneſs, which was ſhortly after increaſed by her addreſſing a young man whom he had never before ſeen, by the name of Hildebrand; and on inquiring who the gentleman was, ſhe informed him it was her brother. Leopold again ſurveyed him, and again felt convinced that he was to him an entire ſtranger. Tortured by an anxiety for which he could ſcarcely find a ſufficient motive, he urged her to explain, when, without any the ſmalleſt ſhow of reluctance, ſhe re-

plied, 'Didn't I tell you, all a fudge to plague old don Prudence?' and added, 'Hildy never went there—ſent a much finer fellow—one who knew a thing or two—taken in for all that—girl got no money—that all a fudge too—poor as a French prince.' With increaſing alarm, he inquired who then was the perſon introduced by her mother to Mr. Marchmont as her ſon, and received for anſwer, 'Mother wan't there—knew nothing of the matter—tell you all about it. Old folks made a bargain—young ones didn't like it—chooſe for themſelves—laid a plan—trick'd old SquareToes—ſucceeded famouſly—got two friends—up to their characters—ſaid nothing—all miſchief done by talking—went down in ſtyle to reconnoitre—all quizzes—didn't like them

—found I was wrong—old Don liked dying ladies—changed my plan—put on my brutus—frightened them all—got refused—came back—laughed heartily—threw all the blame off our own shoulders. Best joke not told yet. Hildy's friend out at the elbows—want patching—thinks Ellen rich as Crœsus—no such thing—only what don Wisdom pleases—took a new character—went back—made love—carried her off—found his mistake—wouldn't marry—make old Don come down—puts Ellen in a passion—calls names—won't write to her father—abuse each other—gives him the slip—goes to somebody ese—glad to get rid of her—all parties right—teach old folks more discretion—never to think for young ones.'

Disjointed and nearly unintelligible as was this relation, our hero underſtood ſufficient to fill his boſom with the contending ſenſations of contempt for the relator, pity for the deluded Ellen, compaſſion for her diſgraced family, and indignation at her unprincipled ſeducer. Stifling his feelings however, he, with all the calmneſs he could aſſume, inquired the name of Mr. Weſtbrook's repreſentative; but his companion, after a knowing ſhake of the head, ſaid, 'I never peach—truſt me for that—a famous fellow—quite a daſher—one of us—beſides, do no good—better not know—can't be mended—may be made worſe.' Leopold, finding that ſhe adhered to this determination, left her without much ceremony, and went in ſearch of her brother; but that gentle-

man, having learned who the partner of his ſiſter was, had judged it prudent to withdraw; and Leopold returned home irritated and diſappointed.

The Cleveland family had not left town many days, when the following paragraph appeared in one of the daily prints:

'We are ſorry to underſtand, that the young man, for whoſe apprehenſion a reward is offered, is the natural ſon of the earl of D-r—r, whoſe life has been more than once endangered by his impious attempts. Among the various atrocities of this youthful depredator, the impoſitions practiſed on that moſt reſpectable gentleman, the honourable Mr. Marchmont of Marchmont Hall, into

whoſe good opinion he entirely wound himſelf, appear the moſt complete; and we grieve that generoſity and humanity like Mr. Marchmont's ſhould be miſapplied in aſſiſting and ſupporting a being ſo worthleſs; although juſtice obliges us to add, that he is a moſt accompliſhed ſcholar, which, with the uncommon elegance of his perſon and addreſs, has, no doubt, hitherto aſſiſted his eſcape. But theſe qualities being now publicly known, they will, it is hoped, facilitate his detection; as it muſt be the wiſh of every honeſt mind to expoſe and bring to juſtice ſo artful and plauſible an impoſtor.'

This paragraph met the eye of lady Caroline Grimſtone, and, as if it poſſeſſed the power imputed to the baſiliſk, it fixed

her gaze while it destroyed her. Never had the heart of this excellent and feeling young woman received so great a shock as at this moment. She sorrowed for the depravity of her late favourite, for that he was the person alluded to she could not doubt, and she trembled at the peril of his situation. Overpowered by her strong emotions, she suffered unspeakable anguish; and while her tears fell upon the paper, she addressed the following lines to Mr. Mountjoy:

'The inclosed paragraph, which I have cut from the Herald of this morning, will justify me, at least to you, in declaring myself inexpressibly wretched. Ill-fated, misguided Leopold! Never shall I cease to regret the evil chance which brought

us acquainted. Never, never ſhall I ceaſe to regret that nature, after forming the moſt perfect of her works, left it in the power of fortune and ill example to contaminate the noble fabric.

‘ His heart, my friend, is pure—yes, it is void of guile; it is generous, compaſſionate, and good; to think otherwiſe would be to deem him the moſt artful and ſucceſsful hypocrite. Alas! and is he not? Oh, Howorth! what a pang has that thought given me? Yet, can it be? Can that benign aſpect, that inſpiring voice, that elegance of form, and ſuperior gracefulneſs of manner, be only the outward garb, while all it covers is deformed and vicious? Dangerous Leopold, more dangerous than the ſerpent whoſe ſting is

death. Againſt it we are warned; but what can guard the heart, or render it callous to the intruſion of this ſpecious, this too highly-giſted yet unſortunate youth.

'Ah, ſir! where is he now? Has he a friend to ſhelter his devoted head? Alas! muſt he periſh, infamouſly periſh? forbid it, merciful heaven. Oh, Mr. Mountjoy! will you not ſtretch out a hand to ſave him? If half my fortune will aſſiſt you in the generous act, I entreat you to command it; and be aſſured, that never have I yet obeyed you with half the delight and readineſs I ſhall then feel. For myſelf, I cannot act in this affair; my fame would ſuffer for a deed which, if fairly eſtimated, would do me honour.

Do not then refuſe me, but loſe no time in diſcovering his hiding-place. He, I know, has left his late reſidence; as general Clements, who, like yourſelf, conceived a ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in his favour, has been to inquire for him, and was informed he had left London; probably from ſome intimation of this impending danger. May he be enabled to eſcape his purſuers! and may the Ruler of all hearts deign to penetrate the inmoſt receſſes of his, and turn it from evil!

'Need I repeat my entreaty, that you will inſtantly ſeek him, and, when found, enable him at once to leave this kingdom and his vices, by giving him the power to live without them. Something tells me your kindneſs or my bounty will not be

misapplied; and that, by our timely interference, we shall preserve to society a member who will yet atone for the injuries which he has hitherto done it.

'With anxious impatience I remain, as ever,

'Your affectionate

'CAROLINE GRIMSTONE.'

To this Mr. Mountjoy made the following reply:

'Mark, my Caroline, the dispensations of Providence; behold the days of lord Dormer embittered, and his life endangered, by the existence of that son, whose birth deprived me of peace, and to obtain whose mother he incurred the contempt of all good men, with the reproach of his

own heart. Nor is this all: for this young man will revive the memory of the crimes of his father, and renew the recollections of his mother's ſhame. Even his offences will be laid to their account, and, while he pays the penalty, they will reap the obloquy of having driven him to commit thoſe depredations for which he ſuffers. Whether or not they merit this reproach I cannot determine. He certainly ſpoke of himſelf as deſerted and contemned; but he likewiſe aſſured me that he had no knowledge of any part of his family, except once meeting lord Delfield for a moment.

'If, as the paragraph ſtates, he has ever ſought his father's life, he muſt have averred a falſehood in this inſtance, and

is not to be relied on in any other. Between his father and him I cannot judge, but between the law and him I would be glad to interfere, provided his crimes are not of a nature to render ſuch interference improper or unjuſt; therefore depend upon my purſuing ſuch ſteps as are moſt likely to obtain the end deſired.

' I ſcarcely need ſay that the utmoſt ſecrecy muſt be obſerved on this ſubject, as my ſtanding forth the protector of lord Dormer's ſon would be a phenomenon not eaſily accounted for, nor reconcileable with any motive, unleſs it were a lingering affection for his mother, which I do not feel. Had death taken her from me while innocent, my widowed heart would have retained and cheriſhed her image.

To my memory her virtues and her beauties would have been for ever preſent. Or if faithful to her vows ſhe had lived for me, and been content with ſuch a heart as I could give her, ſhe would have had it all, and the life which ſhe has imbittered would have been ſpent in ſtudying her felicity; but ſhe has choſen differently; ſhe has attached diſgrace and ridicule to my name, and ſhe has preferred the affection of another; which has ſo changed the ſcene, that my mind retains no remembrance of the various graces which ſubdued my heart. Yet ſhe is ſeldom abſent from my thoughts; but it is not her form which preſents itſelf, it is her crime; and I feel no other ſentiment for her than what is inſpired by contempt, and a ſenſe of my own injuries.

Nay, to ſuch a length has prejudice carried me, that I feel aſſured, were I to ſee her, the face which I have ſo often contemplated with admiration, would appear ugly and deformed, as does the mind which animates it.

'The compaſſion which I feel for her ſon is perhaps derived from my hatred of his parents. He has publiſhed their ſhame by his birth; wounded their parental feelings by his unnatural and diſgraceful conduct; he has revenged and puniſhed my injuries. Do I not owe him ſome recompence? yes, and I will pay it; I feel comfort in the thought, Caroline. It will reconcile me to becoming the protector of lord Dormer's ſon, for which I ſtood in need of an excuſe. I am paying

him a debt, not laying him under an obligation. It is the avenger of my wrongs whom I am rewarding, not the author of my ſhame whom I am protecting.

'These ſentiments will, I feel, ſink me in your opinion; yet are they not natural? I have been betrayed and ruined by the two beings deareſt to me on earth. Who loves the ſerpent that has ſtung him? If my temper is inexorable or fierce, it is to them I owe the change; it was not wont to be ſo. But I weary you with theſe querulous details; for which I have no better excuſe to offer, than that I follow the lead of mankind, by impoſing on thoſe who will endure impoſition.

'Farewell, my beloved girl. May the

only ſorrows you ever experience be the participation in thoſe of your friends.

'E. Mountjoy.'

The morning after the ball, as Leopold returned from a walk which he had been taking with his pupil, he was greeted with the ſalutation of 'God a mercy! is it you, maſter Leopold? Well, this is luck; for I hadn't looked to ſee a face I know'd in all this place; but now I ſhall get a bit of chat as well as other folk.'

Had Leopold not ſeen the ſpeaker, he would not have been at any loſs to determine from whom it came, as the ſpeech would have aſſured him it came from no other than lady Grimſtone. Trembling and agitated he expreſſed his ſatisfaction at

feeing her, and inquired for her lord, who, fhe informed him, was in-doors with Carry, who had been poorly, and had preferred taking a mouthful of frefh *hair* in the country to being dofed with potecaries ftuff: but,' fhe added, 'they will be all a longing to fee you; fo come in, for I fuppofe you be a vifitor here as well as us.' He confirmed her fuppofition, and fuffered himfelf to be conducted to a drawing-room, in which feveral people were affembled, among whom he perceived lord Grimftone and lady Caroline.

At fight of Leopold her ladyfhip ftarted, while a crimfon blufh covered her face, which was inftantly fucceeded by the palenefs of death; and when her father expreffed much fatisfaction at this

unexpected meeting, she coldly thanked him for his inquiry respecting her health. Imputing the formality of her reception of him to resentment on account of his dispute with lord Delfield, he determined to copy her reserve. At dinner he avoided sitting near her, choosing the opposite side of the table.

Here the conversation turned on the news of the day, until, that being discussed, it began to flag; when one of Lady Grimstone's neighbours asked her ladyship what was going on in the great world; to which she replied, that she heard four poor souls was to be hanged to-morrow for returning without leave from Botany Bay. The laugh which her ladyship's anecdote of the great world would have provoked, was

diverted by the obſervation of a gentleman, who ſaid, he did not doubt but lord Dormer's natural ſon was one of them. The eyes of lady Caroline turned on Leopold and ſhe ſighed deeply at the diſorder which was pourtrayed in his face. The lady of the houſe declared herſelf infinitely grieved, that ſo elegant a cretur ſhould come to ſo ungentlemanly an end; humanely wiſhing the whole jury had been hanged in his ſtead, for having no more feeling than to convict ſo handſome and daſhing a youth.

Some were of the ſame opinion, others differed, and, for the ſpace of half an hour, the merits and demerits of lord and lady Dormer, with thoſe of their incorrigible ſon, were diſcuſſed; during which her

ladyſhip and our hero were the only perſons who had remained ſilent; if, indeed, we except lord Grimſtone, who was ſleeping off the heavineſs and fatigue of a moſt ſumptuous meal, and his lady, who (to uſe her own expreſſion) watched an opportunity to *pop in* a word.

The uneaſineſs of lady Caroline and Leopold's ſituations was very conſpicuous to each other, and, by her ladyſhip, his was ſuppoſed to ariſe from the conſciouſneſs of guilt; while her's was by him aſcribed to the near connexion of lord Delfield with the earl of Dormer and the unhappy culprit. At length lady Grimſtone, obtaining the opportunity ſhe ſought, addreſſed her daughter-in-law, ſaying, 'Well, lady Carry, if you han't been

pretty well roaſted by this here converſation, I wonders at it. Nothing ſure could be more unapropos.' The conſcious heart of her ladyſhip, to whoſe mind the near affinity of lord Delfield had never once occurred, betrayed its emotion in her face; and not feeling it poſſible to make any reply, ſhe ſat with down-caſt looks in ſilent confuſion. The whole company felt a degree of awkwardneſs from her evident embarraſſment.

At length the maſter of the houſe ſaid, 'I ſhould feel infinite concern if any thing ſpoken in this company gave the ſmalleſt offence to lady Caroline; but I am actually at a loſs to gueſs to what your ladyſhip alludes. Has any thing paſſed that—'

'Yes to be ſure there has,' interrupted lady Grimſtone; 'hav'n't every one of you for ever ſo long been abuſing and finding fault with her huſband's relations?'

The company looked ſurpriſed, as did lady Caroline; but lady Grimſtone proceeded.

'Or if ſo be lord Delfield mount be her huſband at this very moment, every body knows as how it will ſoon take place, as all parties have ſaid yes.'

The company ſaid ſomething congratulatory on the occaſion; but Leopold, a moment after, ſeizing the juſt filled glaſs of a lady who ſat next him, drank it off; then violently ſtriking his forehead, fell

back ſenſeleſs in his chair. Lady Caroline uttered a piercing ſhriek, and ran to his aſſiſtance. On recovering his ſenſes, he aſcribed his illneſs to over fatigue, made very light of it, but ſaid he would retire for an hour.

Upon his quitting the room, he became the ſubject of converſation; and one of the company ſaid, he was ſuppoſed to be the natural ſon of the honourable Mr. Marchmont, brother to the earl of Erran; to which another ſaid, he had pretty good reaſon to believe that ſuppoſition ill founded. That Mr. Marchmont, he underſtood, had certainly been a father to him, which he had repaid with the baſeſt ingratitude, by carrying off his daughter, whom he had ſince refuſed to marry, until

her father ſhould have ſecured to him the whole of her fortune, with a large addition from his own: in conſequence of which, together with ſome perſonal inſult that ſhe had received, the young lady had eſcaped from him, and accepted the protection of the marquis Deſmond, who, having accompanied her to the opera-houſe ſome ſhort time ſince, was, on his refuſing to relinquiſh the lady, aſſaulted by this young ſpark, who knocked him down, and otherwiſe ill treated his lordſhip. How the affair had been made up he knew not.

At the words 'made up,' lady Grimſtone, who had with much difficulty reſtrained her tongue ſo long, burſt forth with, 'Why juſt as you made up that pacquet of the biggeſt lies that ever com'd

out of the mouth of man; ar'n't you aſhamed of yourſelf? Why you are worſe than a Turk, to go to take away a perſon's character, who's done you no manner of wrong. Why what a fine ſtory you have got by heart, and the beſt joke of all is, that you ha'n't uttered one word of truth; for as to Mr. Howorth, he is no more a baſtard than I am. As to his running away with miſs Marchmont, it's my belief he never ſet eyes on her, for there is not a better-tempered, more agreeabler young man in England than he is. I am ſure lady Carry knows it, thof ſhe ſits and doeſn't offer to ſpeak one word in his defence, and has obligations enough to him beſides. There did he toil night and day in teaching her brother to read and write, and do every thing; but may be

lord Valletort has forgot it too. However that may be, I han't a got no ſuch bad memory, and I will ſpeak what I knows if I die for it.'

Want of breath compelling her to pauſe, the gentleman of the houſe ſaid, 'After the noble defence which your ladyſhip has made, I am ſure my friend cannot entertain a doubt but that he has been miſinformed.'

'Certainly not,' cried the accuſer of Leopold; 'one who ſpeaks ſo well, and ſo much to the purpoſe, can never ſpeak in vain. I am convinced there is not a more agreeable young man in England than Mr. Howorth, and that all that I have heard, is, as her ladyſhip politely obſerved,

'a pacquet of the biggeſt lies that ever com'd out of the mouth of man.'

The ſubject was dropped, to the infinite ſatisfaction of lady Caroline: her hoſteſs led the way to the drawing-room, and ſhe caught at this opportunity of returning to her own apartment. In tears of the bittereſt anguiſh ſhe wept the depravity and the probable fate of Leopold. She had before heard Miſs Marchmont's elopement ſpoken of, and likewiſe that a dependant of her father's had been the companion of her flight. That Leopold was that dependant ſhe could not doubt, and that his ſole purſuit in that act of baſeneſs had been the fortune of Miſs Marchmont, was evident by his ſubſequent conduct. For ſuch treachery as this no excuſe could be

offered. Poverty, and the neglect of his parents, might have driven him to the dreadful expedient of obtaining money by fraud; but here the temptation seemed so inadequate to the offence, that it admitted not of palliation: and he, who until lately so eminently meritorious in her eyes, stood confessed a parricide, an ingrate, and a robber.

Frightened at so horrible a picture, she sought to avoid it by going to the company in the drawing-room. There she was joined by Mrs. Cleveland, who expressed great uneasiness at what she had heard respecting her son's tutor, and added, that she had taken an opportunity since of questioning the gentleman as to the grounds on which he had propagated a report so

injurious to the character of a man who had no other dependance; that he had assured her what he said had not been lightly spoken, or from any personal ill-will to the gentleman alluded to, of whom he had no knowledge, except what he had detailed, and which he had obtained from the marquis Desmond himself. 'What to think or how to act,' continued Mrs. Cleveland, 'I know not. If this report be well founded, he is an unprincipled young man, and consequently a most improper companion for my son; yet to dismiss him without being satisfied of his misconduct, would be unjust to myself and to him; for, since his residence in Mr. Cleveland's family, his whole behaviour has been so unexceptionable, his attention to the duties of his office so unremitting,

and his whole deportment so conciliating, that to find one fault would be impossible.'

Lady Caroline could offer no advice on a point so difficult, and of so much probable consequence to the young Mr. Cleveland; but she felt something like pleasure, from the praises bestowed on the conduct of her late unfortunate favourite; for, that he still held a place in her heart, she could not refuse to acknowledge, and she determined, however irksome the task might be, to warn him from the pursuit of justice. In this determination she was confirmed the following morning by her woman, who related, as a piece of intelligence, that some constables had come down to the neighbouring town the preceding day, in quest of a young gentleman, who had

murdered his father, and robbed all the country round.

The heart of lady Caroline ſickened, while, with a faultering voice, ſhe inquired if the name of this unfortunate perſon was known? The girl heſitatingly ſaid, 'Why, my lady, they do ſay, he is a brother of my lord Delfield, though his father does not acknowledge him: but I ſaid, the moment I heard it, that I did not believe one ſyllable of the matter, particularly as your ladyſhip would undoubtedly have heard of lord Dormer's death; but one of the footmen aſſured me he had ſeen the head conſtable, and that he told him, the young gentleman had been very lately traced to this neighbourhood, and that it would be a good day's work for whoever ſhould

ſecure him, as three hundred pounds had been offered for his apprehenſion.'

Lady Caroline leant her throbbing head upon her hand, and, after a moment's conſultation with herſelf, deſired her attendant to inquire if Mr. Howorth were yet riſen. The woman ſaid ſhe had ſeen him entering the pleaſure garden a little before ſhe came up ſtairs. On this her lady diſmiſſed her, and deſcending, paſſed to the place where ſhe hoped to find the object of her care. For ſome time her ſearch was fruitleſs, and ſhe feared that he either had returned or gone elſewhere; when as ſhe paſſed a green-houſe, ſhe beheld him ſitting in a corner of it with his arms folded, and apparently loſt in thought. The ſadneſs of his countenance ſpoke loudly the diſturbance of his heart, and filled that of her

ladyſhip with tenderneſs and compaſſion. She heſitated whether it were proper to intrude upon his meditations; but the recollection that the good ſhe meant him might come too late, determined her, and ſhe entered.

He ſtarted, bowed, and was leaving the place, when ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had heard he was there, and had come to ſeek him. He appeared ſurpriſed, but inſtantly returned, waiting in ſilence her communication. Never until this moment had lady Caroline felt the magnitude of the taſk ſhe had undertaken. She was on the point of accuſing the man, whoſe every action during his reſidence at Mr. Mountjoy's, lord Grimſtone's, and Mr. Cleveland's, beſpoke him the complete gentleman and the man

of honour, with nearly every crime that diſgraces human nature; and upon what pretence? that of ſaving him from public infamy and public puniſhment. It was ſufficient.—If her motive would not plead her excuſe to him, it would to her own heart. Her courage returned, and ſhe began to ſpeak. It again failed her, and her words died upon his ear in unintelligible murmurs. At length obſerving the aſtoniſhment painted on his countenance, ſhe compelled herſelf to aſk, How long he intended to remain in that part of the country?

After a ſhort pauſe, he ſaid, 'Not another day, if my abſence will gratify lady Caroline Grimſtone.' Pauſing again, he continued, 'Your ladyſhip, I conclude,

expects lord Delfield will seek you here; but be not alarmed on that account. I bear his lordship no enmity, and he has proffered me his friendship.'

'I think not,' she returned with emotion, 'of lord Delfield; it is your safety which occupies my mind.'

'My safety! Ah, lady Caroline! flatter not a wretch who has sworn fellowship with despair, with the possibility that you take an interest in his fate. Yet you surely mock me; how can my remaining where my duty calls me, endanger my safety?'

She held toward him the open paragraph which she had cut from the news-

paper. He took it, and having glanced his eye over it, his face betrayed ſome confuſion. When he had pauſed, he returned the paper, ſaying, ' Does lady Caroline mean this as a proof of my being in danger?'

In faltering accents, ſhe replied, ' Are you not—Mr. Howorth—the—ſon of lord Dormer? Mr. Mountjoy told me you were; that ſon is purſued; he has been traced to this part of the country, and nothing but inſtant flight can ſave him. Mr. Mountjoy would, if he would go to him, protect—you.'

Shocked at what ſhe had ſaid, ſhe caſt down her eyes; but, finding Leopold did not ſpeak, ſhe raiſed them, and they met

his; yet ſhe ſaw in them nothing of the guilty confuſion which ſhe expected. His look, though melancholy, was calm, open, and aſſured. After a moment's pauſe, during which the melancholy of his countenance diſappeared, while a look of innate ſatisfaction occupied its place, and his form became dignified by the pride which told him that he was above the ſtigma of the world, he at length ſaid:

'It is me, then, lady Caroline, whom you believe to be this wretch, this ſcourge to ſociety, this diſgrace to human nature. Tell me, how have I merited this opinion?'

With the voice of a culprit, ſhe replied, 'Are you—not—the—ſon—of—lord—Dormer?'

'I am that unfortunate; disgraced by my birth; but, I thank my God, incapable of being the thing you suppose me. My unsupported asseveration is at present all I have to offer in defence of my character, and your ill opinion is too firmly established for it to have any weight; yet a time, I trust, will come when even you shall confess that you have done me wrong. Farewell.'

'That time is come, Mr. Howorth. Do not leave me; stay and learn my shame, my sorrow, my repentance. Never, never can I make atonement for the injury I have done you. Oh, Leopold! did you know the transport with which I acknowledge the wrongs that I have done you, did you know the joy which this

humiliation gives my broken heart, you might then form ſome idea of the vaſt, the unbounded affection that I bear you.'

Her emotion had betrayed her. She covered her face with her hands, and the pauſe which ſucceeded had ſomething awful it. She at length ventured to look at Leopold; his face was pale, his eye fixed, and his whole countenance wore a look of death. Dreadfully alarmed, ſhe fell at his feet, and claſping his knees, exclaimed, 'I have killed him! forgive me, Leopold!—deareſt, moſt beloved of men, forgive me! ſpeak to me!'

Like one diſturbed from a deep ſleep, Leopold gazed around without ſeeming to comprehend what was paſſing. The

faſt-falling tears of Caroline firſt caught his attention. The ſame impetuous feelings which had nearly deprived him of life, now drove him to the brink of madneſs. With a frenzied eye, and unreſtrained violence, he preſſed her to his heart, ſaid ſhe was his, and vowed never to ſeparate from her more; then throwing her from him, he called her the wife of his brother, who had enticed his heart to guilt, and deſtroyed his eternal peace. His terrified companion beſought him to calm his agitations, and to pardon the fault ſhe had committed. Her voice, in the accents of petition, recalled his reaſon. He implored her forgiveneſs of the temporary madneſs which ſhe had herſelf occaſioned, by expreſſions of regard beyond his reaſon to ſupport; 'for,' he con-

tined, while he preſſed his burning forehead with his ſpread hand, 'I had never more expected to hear words of kindneſs from your lips addreſſed to the diſdained Leopold. I thought the baſtard, the outcaſt ſon of lord Dormer, muſt not again approach the wife of his more fortunate brother.'

He ſpoke with difficulty, yet there was a mournful ſweetneſs in his voice which penetrated the heart of Caroline, who, anxious to atone for the injuſtice that ſhe felt convinced ſhe had done him, and to pour balm into his wounded feelings, aſſured him ſhe would never be the wife of his brother, nor of any man who refuſed to receive him as her honoured and beloved friend. A ſickly ſmile viſited his

face, but soon disappeared, and he replied, ' This goodness, lady Caroline, commands my gratitude. To see you the wife of lord Delfield would have broken the last thread which binds me to an existence that I have never prized, and which has been supported with weariness since I learned you were destined to my brother's arms; yet be assured, I never presumed even to hope for more than your friendship. Of disgraceful birth, destitute of fortune, without friends, or even abilities to procure more than a precarious subsistence, I dared not to lift my thoughts to you. When I have said this, be not offended if I add, that had my rank in life and my prospects been such as would have authorized my pretensions, or yours such as would have permitted your acceptance

of them, to have dedicated my days to you would have been the firſt object of my heart, and to have made you happy would have ſecured me that felicity which I now never expect to taſte. But I affect you, lady, and will no longer intrude upon you; only, ere I depart, let me have the ſatisfaction to know that you do not believe me the villain on whoſe head a price is ſet.'

Oppreſſed with a ſenſe of the injuſtice which ſhe had done him, and anxious to make retribution, ſhe forgot the requeſt of her dying mother, her own reiterated promiſes never to add to the diſgrace her noble blood had already ſuſtained, by a marriage beneath her birth; ſhe forgot every thing but the deſire ſhe felt to heal

the bleeding heart of her hapleſs lover; and, upon his riſing to leave her, ſhe ſaid, ſtretching out her hand to ſave him, 'If this hand, Mr. Howorth, will convince you of my reſtored opinion, it is yours, and will be accompanied by a heart, which was, very early in our acquaintance, given to your worth.'

Obſerving the phrenzy of his eye again returning, ſhe purſued: 'Be calm, deareſt Leopold, object of my fondeſt affections, be calm; your wildneſs affrights me; ſay, will you accept the atonement I offer? if you will, I call the Almighty to witneſs, it is yours whenever you demand it. If your better judgment ſhould refuſe, may the Power I have invoked forſake me, if it ſhall ever be another's.

Let this ſatisfy you; be happy, if my humble efforts can make you ſo. But you are ſilent; let me, I conjure you, hear your voice, even though it be to reject me.'

He preſſed her hand to his boſom, and a burſt of tears probably ſaved his life. She checked not the grateful effuſion, and he wept like a child. Grown at length more compoſed, he replied, 'The generoſity which I condemn, I cannot imitate; though ſenſible that you degrade and ruin yourſelf, I accept the ſacrifice; on my knees I accept it, and in that poſture implore the God you have invoked to bleſs or curſe me as I ſhall merit either by my conduct to you.'

'Enough,' interrupted lady Caroline,

'let us part for the preſent; I, as well as you, require to be alone. Farewell.'

Silently preſſing her to his heart, he withdrew; and, while ſhe returned to her apartment, he wandered through the adjacent country, ſcarcely ſenſible to any thing but the event of the morning. He wandered on, until a voice exclaiming, 'Villain! I know you well, and your life ſhall pay this violence,' recalled his attention. He pauſed, and hearing another voice reply, 'Fool, to acknowledge this; it is then my buſineſs to prevent you;' he ruſhed forward, and beheld a man ſtretched on the ground, while another who held him down, plunged a weapon into his boſom, and, as he raiſed his arm to repeat this blow, our hero, ſeizing it, wrenched

the inſtrument from his graſp. The aſſaſſin cloſed upon him, and, throwing him to the ground, made his eſcape. Leopold would have purſued him, but the entreaties of the wounded man changed his purpoſe. He raiſed him, and after ſome time ſtopped the blood which flowed apace. The gentleman, thanking him for his timely aid, ſaid, 'One moment more, ſir, had decided my fate; the villain aimed at my heart, but you have ſaved me. I do not think my wound is mortal—if you will complete your benevolence, and have me conveyed to the neareſt aſſiſtance.'

Leopold aſſured him of his utmoſt efforts; and at this moment a return poſtchaiſe coming in ſight, the driver alighted and aſſiſted to ſupport the fainting man,

who was placed in the carriage with a person who already occupied it. After committing him to the care of this person, and ordering the postillion to proceed slowly and with caution to a house of entertainment not far distant, Leopold hurried to prepare for the reception of the sufferer. As he walked on, he perceived a pistol lying in the road; concluding it to be one which the robber had dropped in his flight, and thinking it might lead to his detection, he put it into his pocket. The haste he made enabled him to reach the house some time before the carriage, and to have the attendance of a surgeon.

Upon examining the wound, this gentleman's opinion was favourable; and Leopold finding that he could be no further

ufeful by remaining, defired to know if in any other way he could render him fervice. The ftranger requefting he might be permitted to fee and thank his preferver, Leopold went to his apartment, and received acknowledgments, which he profeffed not to have merited, faying, that he had performed no more than his duty. 'Alas, fir!' replied the wounded perfon, 'had I always performed mine, I had not needed your affiftance; but I am weak, and can only fay, God blefs you! You are a noble-minded youth, and I hope profperity has placed you above my power to ferve you; fhould it be otherwife, here is my addrefs; and let me intreat, though you may be above my protection, that you will favour me with your friendfhip. God blefs you, fir.'

Leopold took the card, and, fearing that his abſence might occaſion alarm in the boſom of lady Caroline, haſtened to re-trace his ſteps, forgetful of every thing but the affection ſhe had avowed. He had reached the park belonging to the houſe which contained her, when, on opening a gate that impeded his progreſs, the card of the ſtranger fell from his hand, in which it had remained unnoticed and forgotten. On his ſtooping to recover it, 'The earl of Dormer' met his eye. Starting ſome paces back, he ſtood aghaſt; then fearfully approached it, uncertain whether he moſt wiſhed or dreaded the information which a ſecond view would give him. The words 'the earl of Dormer' were too diſtinct to be miſtaken.

'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'I have preſerved my father, and he has bleſſed me; but he knew not that I was his ſon. Yet he cannot recall it, and I have at laſt received a parent's bleſſing. Oh thou great Diſpoſer of Events, who alone knoweſt what is beſt for thy creatures, teach me what is right; if I have erred, let me not wander in the devious path, but deign to guide me. Soften my heart, and make it grateful for a parent's bleſſing.—Alas! he bleſſed not *me*, his benediction was intended for a ſtranger.'

Here he was interrupted by footſteps; and, being unwilling to be ſeen in ſuch diſorder, he concealed himſelf by ſtepping aſide behind a pile of rubbiſh, which had been thrown there by ſome workmen.

It was not long before he overheard a voice ſay, ' I am poſitive he came this way, for his clothes being bloody and the piſtol peeping out of his pocket, made me watch him, and here he is.'

At this moment he was ſeized, and forcibly but with all expedition conducted before a juſtice of the peace, where he was charged with the robbing and attempting to murder lord Dormer. On being ſearched, the piſtol was diſcovered to be the fellow to one then in the hand of lord Dormer's poſtillion, who gave this account:

' His lordſhip was driving to town, and was met near the ſpot where the robbery was committed by a very gentlemanly-

looking well-dreſſed young man; but whether or not the perſon before you I cannot ſwear, further than that the dreſs and figure ſtrike me as the ſame. He civilly requeſted me to ſtop, as he wiſhed to ſpeak with lord Dormer. My lord having ſhortly before ſent forward the only outrider he had with him, I offered to get from my horſe to open the door, but he refuſed. I did not attend to what paſſed, until ſomething of a ſcuffle in the carriage occaſioned my looking back, when I ſaw his lordſhip endeavouring to wreſt a piſtol from the hand of the highwayman, and at the ſame moment he commanded me to ſeize the villain; but, on my attempting to diſmount, the robber diſcharged a piſtol at me, which occaſioned the horſes

to take fright, and I being off my guard at the moment, and confounded by what had paſſed, had not power to ſtop them, but had the horror of ſeeing my maſter, in an effort to detain the highwayman, fall with him to the ground, at the very inſtant when the horſes ſet off. To leave him in this ſtate almoſt drove me mad; but I could not help it; my horſes flew like devils, and at length were ſtopped by a gate, but with ſuch violence as threw me off. I was ſtunned by my fall, and it was full three hours before I could return to the ſpot where I had left my lord; and then all was gone, and I knew not what to do, until by chance I was told that his lordſhip had been conveyed to the Bull, a public-houſe hard by. There I found him, and, bleſſed be God, not ſo

bad, but that he was able to accept a part of a friend's carriage, who, being travelling the same road, and having heard of his lordship's disaster, came to offer his assistance. After I had seen him set off for London, the landlord and myself, with two others, determined to go in search of the robber, who we thought it most likely would hide himself somewhere thereabouts until night-fall; so on we trotted, now and then making a few inquiries, but to no purpose; till half an hour ago we met a farmer, who said, ' My lads, here has been bad work I fear; some of your Lunnuners have been exchanging blood for honour, as they call it; one would think Mr. Bonerparty had given them fighting enough, without killing one another; but this spark was not,

it ſhould ſeem, of that opinion, thof I be bound he feels a little queer at this moment. The blood on his clothes, whether it bees his own or his he fought with, ſhews that they have not been at playwork.'—' May not,' ſays the landlord, ' this be the very genius who robbed your maſter? Which way did he go? let us Matthew (ſpeaking to me your honour) purſue and take him. ' Not ſo faſt, not ſo faſt,' ſaid the farmer, ' or you will burn your fingers, landlord, the perſon I ſpeak of is no robber, thof not unlikely he has been a murderer, worſe luck he, I ſay. He is quite a gentleman, one of thoſe as goes to yon great houſe, with panterloons and ſmart boots with toſſy bobs dangling in the front of them. By Jove, ſays I, your worſhip, this looks

like he, and I ſhould wiſh to ſee this chap. Why then you may, ſays the farmer, for he is hard by; I ſeed him ſtop at yon gate, and I believe he thought he ſeed the ghoſt of the man whoſe blood was upon his clothes, for he ſtarted, then he took up a bit of paper, and talked to it, then knocked his hands together, and looked up to the ſky as if he was crazy, and for certain he is touched in the head, or he is one of your player folks as talks to themſelves. It will do us no harm, ſays landlord, to take a peep at him. So with this your worſhip, we made bold to enter ſquire Oldham's park, and there we found this gentleman hiding behind a heap of ſtones. He didn't much like to come with us, though we can't ſay he behaved himſelf anywiſe obſtropulous; and this is

all I knows of the affair, except that I found this piſtol (which is as like as a twin brother to that he had in his pocket) in my lord's carriage, and can ſwear it is none of his.'

Leopold was now further ſearched, and betrayed ſome reluctance to having his watch ſeen. Upon examination of this, the arms of the Dormer family were diſcovered on an inſide caſe. Our hero now begged to be heard, and related, in as few words as poſſible, the manner of his meeting with lord Dormer, and his obtaining poſſeſſion of the highwayman's piſtol.

'And this watch, ſir, with the Dormer arms, how came you by it?' aſked the juſtice.

Leopold, hesitating at first, said at length, he had had it many years. The justice shook his head, incredulous, and wished he might be able to get out of this scrape. Leopold requested to be admitted to bail for his appearance; but it was now rumoured that the criminal before him was the identical person for whom the reward was offered, and the supposed son of lord Dormer. To give any indulgence to such a character was impossible; and he was instantly conducted to prison.

Lady Caroline, after separating from her lover, retired to her apartment, where, the first ebullition of her penitence and generosity having subsided, she began to reflect on the solemn bond which she had entered into, and to regret her too great

precipitancy. That Leopold was, of all men, him ſhe would have preferred as the partner of her life, ſhe heſitated not to acknowledge; but that he was the one whom ſhe ought to have choſen, ſhe could not ſo readily determine. Even admitting him to be cleared of crimes of which ſhe in her heart acquitted him, yet his conduct to the daughter of his benefactor remained uncontradicted. Her love became alarmed, and ſhe feared ſhe had bound herſelf to a man who might hereafter repay the ſacrifice ſhe had made of duty, of what was due to her birth, and to the expectations of her friends, with ingratitude, and poſſibly with contempt. Miſs Marchmont, ſhe had heard ſpoken of as beautiful and accompliſhed; he himſelf had repeatedly informed her

that to the father of this lady he was indebted for more than life. How then could ſhe hope to retain a heart ſo fickle, and ſo unprincipled as his conduct to this ill-fated girl had declared it to be.

Dejected and uneaſy, ſhe felt for the firſt time that worſt of all ſenſations, a ſelf-reproving heart; and was on the point of quitting the apartment in ſearch of company which might diſſipate her reflections, when her woman entered with a countenance that beſpoke her to be the herald of extraordinary intelligence, which ſhe was too well inclined to communicate, to leave her lady any time for inquiry, and 'Dear, my lady, ſuch a thing has happened,' was heard as ſoon as ſhe was ſeen.

'Well, who we ſhall truſt next I am ſure I don't know, nor can't imagine; and little did I think when I told your ladyſhip about it, that he was the perſon; but it is certainly ſo, for he is gone to priſon. The piſtol he killed my lord with, and which my lord can ſwear to, was in his pocket, and my lord's watch was there too. Mr. Thomas was at the examination, and heard him acknowledge that it was all true, and that he was the impoſtor, the Leopold Greville, who had made ſuch a noiſe and done ſo much miſchief in the world.'

A ray of the brighteſt ſunſhine ſeemed at theſe words to diſpel the gloom of lady Caroline's boſom; the ſingle word, 'impoſtor' had reſtored peace to her heart;

and, in leſs than a moment, ſhe had in her mind's eye liſtened to a ſtory of no ſmall length; a ſtory which cleared the injured object of her affections from every ſuſpicion, by producing the depredator who had aſſumed the name which he had abandoned. This ſettled, ſhe continued her tour through the creative regions of fancy, and, in the ſmall ſpace we have mentioned, had applauded her own diſcernment, accuſed herſelf of want of penetration, confeſſed her ill-founded ſuſpicions, received forgiveneſs, been united to the man of her choice, and reached a peaceful old age with the proſpect of a bliſsful futurity.

Scarcely leſs rapid was the building, than the deſtruction, of this goodly fabrick; for no ſooner had fancy reached the

bounds of futurity than ſhe pauſed, and gave her victim time to inquire if Mr. Thomas had learned the name of this wretched man.

'Oh dear, my lady, I beg your pardon, but I am ſo ſhocked, ſo flurried, that I had quite forgot that I had not told you it was Mr. Howorth,'—was her reply. Lady Caroline gazed ſtedfaſtly in her face, but apparently unmoved; until the girl, imagining ſhe doubted her intelligence, began an aſſurance of the facts being as ſhe had ſtated. In this ſhe was interrupted by her unfortunate miſtreſs falling from her ſeat. Immediate aſſiſtance was procured, but it was long ere all their efforts could reſtore her faculties to the feelings of extreme miſery which

they were doomed to experience, and it was with reluctance ſhe again beheld the light of heaven.

After the moſt minute inquiries relative to Leopold, and obtaining ſuch information as ſhe concluded might be relied on, ſhe diſmiſſed her attendant, and taking her pen wrote the following letter to Mr. Mountjoy:

'In my ſhort pilgrimage through life, I have not unfrequently heard the calamities of the unfortunate attributed to fate, to the diſpenſations of providence, or the decrees of the Almighty. This imputation, for ſuch I term it, has ever appeared to my weak comprehenſion as ill-founded; for, according to my ideas of the Supreme,

the good which we receive is from his diſpenſation, while the evil has ariſen from our own miſapplication of thoſe powers with which he has graciouſly endued us; and that when we ſpeak of fate, we inſult the dignity of Him who alone is the guardian of his creatures.

'However I may have erred in thus deciding for others, I myſelf have afforded a ſtriking proof that my judgment has not always been erroneous. The world at this hour contains not a more miſerable being; yet look around, and tell me who has been more favoured. Born and nurſed in the lap of proſperity, the very few evils of which I have to complain, have been in ſeveral inſtances more than compenſated by the attendant

good. I am rich—nobly born—and furrounded by friends. Nature has not been niggard of her favours; ſhe has given me the power to diſtinguiſh right from wrong, and power, if exerted, to reject the one and embrace the other. I have done ſo. I have taken laſting miſery to my boſom, and, caught by one gaudy flower, which preſented itſelf at the beginning of my journey, I choſe the thorny path, and am beſet with briers, from which I never can eſcape. Had I taken that my reaſon pointed out, though unadorned and ſomewhat ſombre at the entrance, by purſuing a ſteady and undeviating courſe, I might at length have reached the object to which my hopes were bound; or if poſitive happineſs eluded my graſp, tranquillity and innate applauſe might have taught me

content. These, sir, I have bartered, by rendering myself a disgrace to my friends, a jest to all who hear my story.

'I am the affianced wife of Leopold, that impostor, whose numerous offences have made him obnoxious to society, and whose manifold crimes have merited the infamy which justice is now about to pour upon his head; but if you have patience, listen, sir, to a detail of circumstances which have taken place within the last twelve hours.

'Some reports which had reached me of the immediate danger of Mr. Howorth's apprehension, determined me to warn him of what he did not appear to entertain any suspicion. For this purpose, I sought him

early in the morning, and, after ſome preparatory queſtions, which he appeared not to comprehend, I put into his hand the paragraph I had before copied for your inſpection. At firſt he appeared agitated, but, having read it through, his compoſure returned; his countenance, ever beautiful, became tranſcendantly ſo. The bluſh of indignant honour (ſuch I then thought it) vaniſhed from his cheek, and the ſmile of rectitude and ſelf-approbation animated his eye. Never, my friend, ſhall I forget that moment, never ſhall I loſe the ſound of his voice, while he diſclaimed the vices with which he there ſtood accuſed. To deſcribe the perſuaſion, the ſomething irreſiſtible in his words and manner, is as impoſſible, as to deſcribe the ſhame and the remorſe which followed my perfect

conviction of his innocence, and the insult which I had offered him. I could have knelt at his feet to have obtained his pardon. I could have died to have proved my penitence. I did more. I forced upon him a hand to which he disclaimed all pretension. I vowed he should henceforth be the master of my destiny. The vow was a solemn one, and shall be solemnly kept. Nay, it is already completed; my destiny is unalterably wretched.

'We had separated but a few hours ere he was seized almost in the act of robbing lord Dormer, who lies dangerously wounded by his hand. The fellow-pistol to one in the possession of the criminal, had been left by him in his lordship's carriage, and the watch of lord

Dormer was found upon his perſon. He has acknowledged himſelf to be the Leopold Greville, for whoſe apprehenſion a reward is offered, and is committed to priſon. Such is the ſituation of the loſt Leopold, and ſuch that of your unfortunate Caroline. Yet, can we with juſtice throw the blame on Providence? Think you the Omnipotent ever armed the hand of a ſon againſt a father? Oh, no! He is too juſt, too merciful, to give his creatures life but to condemn them to guilt and miſery. No! Leopold's guilt and my folly have been our own. To the weakneſs or viciouſneſs of our own hearts only can our calamities be attributed. For my individual ſufferings, I think, it is not that I repine; it is for yours, my more than father; it is for my brother, and the reſt

of thoſe friends who took an intereſt in my welfare, and whoſe hopes I have cruelly diſappointed. Yet the loſs of all your friendſhips, the ridicule of the world, and the deſtruction of my fair, my brilliant proſpects, fade before my view, until they appear as nothing, when the ſituation of the miſerable Leopold preſents itſelf. Alas, ſir! there I am loſt, there an overwhelming torrent ſeems to ſhake my reaſon, and leave me deſtitute of peace, of courage, and of hope. Yet, why art thou ſo full of heavineſs, oh my ſoul! And why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? Put thy truſt in God, and he will deliver thee.

'Yes; I will truſt in Him who alone can calm this perturbed ſpirit; who alone can heal the wounds of this agonized

heart. His mercy is boundlefs, as is his power. To fuch a judge may I not truft even the caufe of Leopold. Will he not take into account the frailties of his nature, the temptations of the world, and the unnatural conduct of his parents; and may he not grant him, what this world never will, forgivenefs? And may I not hereafter meet this deferted, this profcribed outcaft, in the regions of eternal blifs? Oh, yes! I feel fomething within me which bids me hope. Then be not fo full of heavinefs, oh my foul! nor be not fo difquieted within me. Put thy truft in God, and he will deliver thee.

'With that reliance, I fubfcribe myfelf,

'Your deeply afflicted,

'but refigned,

'Caroline Grimstone.'

CHAPTER XIII.

The ſituation in which we left our hero renders us anxious to return to him.

He was conveyed to priſon, without any other fear for his own ſafety than what might ariſe from that of lord Dormer. This nobleman's death, he ſaw, might endanger his life, as he was the only one whoſe atteſtation of his innocence could outweigh the almoſt poſitive proofs which had been advanced of his guilt. But of this event, the opinion of the ſurgeon, and the apparent eaſe in which he had left his

lordſhip, gave him no cauſe to be apprehenſive. His firſt thought, therefore, was to ſatisfy the minds of his friends; for which purpoſe he deſired to be furniſhed with materials for writing; but was informed that all correſpondence between him and his connexions had been prohibited. To remonſtrate he found was vain, he therefore acquieſced; and this reſtriction gave him more uneaſineſs than even his confinement, which he knew would terminate on an interview with lord Dormer.

Of that interview he could not think with the ſame degree of calmneſs. He was however doomed to remain longer in priſon than he expected, as the earl's imprudent removal had occaſioned a fever

which nearly deprived him of his life, and which prevented his identifying the perfon of his fuppofed affaffin. In this gloomy abode we will therefore leave him, and with the lefs reluctance, as we leave him in the beft and moft cheering of all fociety, a heart confcious of its own rectitude.

The difappearance of Leopold had greatly affected the difturbed intellect of Mr. Cleveland, who now concluded him to be a fpy, and gone to give information of his having fheltered his unfortunate king. He therefore gave orders for the inftant removal of his family to Cropredy Bridge, to which place he was himfelf conveyed with great privacy, in the difguife of a highland piper.

The loſs of this gentleman, with that of Leopold, had, to uſe lady Grimſtone's words, 'quite knocked up all her pleaſure, nobody elſe ſaying nothing to her, no more than if ſhe warn't fit to ſpeak to. Mr.Howorth, to be ſure, was always good-natured; and the old gentleman, thof a little crazy, was very agreeable; and liſtening to him, was for all the world like reading a ſtory book, being all about kings and princes, and caſtles and murders, and ſuch like; which, for her part, ſhe liked better than finding fault with miniſters; firſt, becauſe they did not make peace, and next becauſe they did; and calling them rogues, fools, and traitors, that was ruining their country, and ought to have their heads wrung off. It was a mighty eaſy matter to talk of wringing off heads; but,

for her part, ſhe ſaid, thof ſhe had wrung off many a one, ſhe had never ſeed the perſon who was clever enough to put them on again. For ſartin, her's warn't men's heads; but ſhe ſuppoſed a man's head and a gooſe's head were much as one; for which reaſon ſhe thought it was beſt not to be ſo violent, particularly as his Majeſty had no ſooner been worried and teazed until he turned off theſe rogues, and traitors, and fools, than they turned out to be the honeſteſt, and moſt loyaliſt, and beſt men in all the kingdom; eſpecially he that was the worſt of all, now comes out to be the only one who can ſave the nation: ſo the poor king is all wrong again; poor ſoul, I wouldn't be in his ſhoes for all his grandeur, for he can't do right no more than his miniſters; and every body

knows better than they. There, when they laid on the income tax, what a hub-bub was kicked up; it was the worsest and most unjustest thing that ever could be thought of, and ruined every creature, rich and poor, and any thing in the world would be better. Well, to work he goes and takes off that, and sets it upon houses; when it comes out that it was a very fine tax that nobody paid, but those who wished to appear grand; while this here upon houses nobody can help paying; so it is a very shameful and cruel piece of oppression. She was sure poor Mr. Cleveland's conversation was much more reasonabler than any such contradictions could be called; and since he and Mr. Leopold were gone, she didn't see any good in lord Grimstone's staying any longer.'

The truth was, Mr. Cleveland had, from finding her ladyſhip willing to liſten, which nobody elſe was, to the plots which he had diſcovered, the dangers he had eſcaped, the deſigns he had in embryo; with the diſtreſſes of king Charles, the graces of the prince, and the exploits of his own gallant ſon, had addreſſed himſelf much to her; which attention, joined to his agreeable diſcourſe, had quite gained her favour; and his loſs, with the neglect and ridicule which ſhe experienced from the reſt of the company, rendered her very deſirous of changing the ſcene.

In this deſire ſhe was fortunate enough to be ſeconded by her lord, who had never highly approved of the ſtile of cooking in this family; but had, the day before, been

totally disgusted by an overdone wild duck, which had been roasted three turns too much. Finding his lordship agreeable, and the wretched lady Caroline equally indifferent to the place of her abode as to every other circumstance, she gave orders for their departure.

On the road they had been met by lady Caroline Melmoth, accompanied by Ferdinand Marchmont, who stopped to greet her namesake; and being one of those ladies who, under pretence of laughing *with*, laugh *at*, most folks, had, by her affability, won the good-will of lady Grimstone, which that lady always evinced, by a detail of every thing which had befallen herself, her friends, and her acquaintance, since she and the fortunate gainer of all

this knowledge had laſt met. Sometimes, indeed, her ladyſhip miſtook the period of their ſeparation, and went back to circumſtances with which the auditor had been before acquainted. The recollection of this, made the volatile lady Caroline, who was as uſual chaſing pleaſure, declare, on lady Grimſtone's ſaying ſhe had 'a vaſt deal to tell her,' that, although ſhe was dying to hear it, ſhe could not ſtop an inſtant, being in an immenſe hurry. Her ladyſhip ſaid, ſhe was very ſorry, as ſhe wanted to tell her all about poor Mr. Leopold.

At that name, Ferdinand, who would the moment before have moſt gladly liſtened to the hiſtory of her ladyſhip's whole acquaintance, ſervants included, ſo that

he might have repaid himſelf by gazing on the object of his affections, felt the moſt anxious deſire to proceed; while, on the contrary, lady Caroline Melmoth's hurry as ſuddenly ſubſiding, ſhe exclaimed, 'Of Mr. Howorth! oh, pray, my dear lady Grimſtone, proceed. For heaven's ſake what can have happened? I thought—that is—I mean, it is reported he is going to be—' ſhe turned her eyes on lady Caroline Grimſtone, and heſitatingly ſaid 'married.'

'Yes, returned her ladyſhip, he is going to be married, poor ſoul! but it is to the gallows; he will be hanged in a week. I am ſure my heart aches to think of his dying like a dog.'

Ferdinand involuntarily checked his horſe, while lady Caroline exclaimed, 'Do not diſtract me, I entreat—what has befallen Mr. Howorth? Or do you not jeſt?'

'No jeſt like a true one; and a bad jeſt for him it will prove: but the long and the ſhort of the matter is this. It ſeems Mr. Leopold turns out to be that famous young man who's been advertiſed after, becauſe he cheated and robbed every body; and who they have, I mean the conſtables, been looking for ever ſo long; and ſo I ſuppoſe now they have got him, they won't let him go, I'll be bound, until he has paid ſcot and lot, as the ſaying is.'

The patience of lady Caroline being exhaufted, fhe afked, 'What can you mean? for not one fingle word, of all your ladyfhip has faid, can I comprehend. Who has Mr. Howorth proved to be, what has he done, and where is he at this moment? Pray, my dear friend, fpeak to the point, without any fcot or lot, or I fhall in truth not underftand you.'

The term 'dear friend' foftened lady Grimftone, and fhe proceeded to relate, how that Mr. Howorth had not been at breakfaft one morning, and what was more furprifing, he did not come to dinner. Well, by and by comes Mr. Cleveland's coachman, no it wasn't neither, it was Mr. Mitford's groom, or—but it didn't much matter who it was, thof fhe was

ſure it was one of the ſervants in or about the houſe. In he comes and tells his fellow ſervants that he'd juſt com'd from the juſtices, where he ſeed Mr. Howorth all over blood, and that he warn't Mr. Howorth, but a baſe-begotten ſon of lord Dormer—'

Ferdinand ſtarted, while his countenance gave evident ſigns of the aſtoniſhment he felt. Her ladyſhip continued:

'Whom he had robbed and murdered; and that a piſtol, as like as two peas to that which killed lord Dormer, was found in his pocket; and that ſo then he conſeſſed all, and ſaid he was the famous man that had com'd back from Botany Bay; and ſo he was ſent to priſon to be hanged,

and I wiſhes to my ſoul thoſe who ſent him there were in his place.'

The death-like aſpect of lady Caroline Grimſtone too forcibly confirmed that ſome dreadful truth was contained in this ſtory. Lady Caroline Melmoth expreſſed the unfeigned regret which ſhe felt, and the parties ſeparated. Ferdinand ſeemed loſt in thought, from which his companion rouſed him, by aſking what he thought of this extraordinary ſtory? Ferdinand replied, he knew not what to think; it appeared ſo improbable, ſo ſtrange, and unaccountable, that were it not for the truth of one circumſtance, he ſhould have deemed it a ſportive fiction of lady Grimſtone's. Her ladyſhip ſaid, ſhe ſhould have believed it ſome blunder, or miſcon-

ception of that lady's, had not the breaking heart of her friend Caroline, ſo diſtreſſingly pourtrayed in her countenance, confirmed the ſeriouſneſs of the information: 'but what,' continued ſhe, 'is the circumſtance to which you allude as true?'

Ferdinand was ſilent.

'A ſecret, I ſee,' obſerved her ladyſhip; 'well, if keeping it ſuch will ſave or ſerve this youth, let it, I entreat, be buried in oblivion; but if, on the contrary, its diſcloſure can be uſeful to him, it muſt no longer be ſuch.'

'To you, then,' returned Ferdinand, 'I will confide it, and you ſhall adviſe me. Leopold is certainly the ſon of lord

Dormer; yet that it ſhould be known to any other than myſelf aſtoniſhes me, as I am well convinced that nothing leſs than imperious neceſſity could have impelled him to reveal it.'

'Then its being known,' interrupted lady Caroline, 'appears to me a very unfavourable ſymptom; yet is it poſſible, that, knowing himſelf to be the ſon of lord Dormer, he ſhould attempt his life?'

'It is not. That he deteſts lord Dormer, I am well aware; but that he would turn robber and aſſaſſin I cannot believe.'

'Mercy on me!' cried her ladyſhip, 'your vindications remind me of major Kelly's civilities; in endeavouring to get

out of your way, he knocks you down, or treads upon your toe at the leaſt. Lord Dormer has been murdered by his ſon. Leopold cannot be the robber, though to be ſure he is that ſon—again, he cannot be the criminal, becauſe he would not deſtroy his father, notwithſtanding you know he deteſts him. Heaven forbid the proof of his innocence or condemnation ſhould reſt with you; for the latter will certainly follow this equivocating ſyſtem of yours: the diſcarded lover of lady Caroline Grimſtone will make a bad counſel for the accepted one, I perceive.'

Ferdinand, hurt by the inſinuation, replied, that the ingratitude of Leopold ſhould not make him a raſcal; but, in truth, he was uncertain whether the cir-

cumſtances which he was in poſſeſſion of would tend to his benefit or otherwiſe; but that they ſhould be revealed or withheld, as ſhould appear moſt to his advantage.

On their reaching her ladyſhip's reſidence, they found the apprehenſion of Leopold detailed in the paper of the day. From this they obtained no other ſatiſfaction, than the knowledge of the place of his impriſonment, it ſtating that he had been removed to Newgate.

Ferdinand being on a viſit to the uncle of lady Caroline, with whom ſhe reſided; on retiring to his apartment, he wrote as follows to his father, who was, he knew, then in the metropolis:

'My honoured father and dearest friend will, I am sure, feel a severe pang, at the evil tidings which this paper will communicate, if, as I conclude, they have not already reached his ear.

'The public papers will inform you that the natural son of lord Dormer is in custody, and you will suppose it the young man who deceived you in that character; but you are now mistaken, as you were then imposed upon. He was not lord Dormer's son, nor is the person now apprehended him by whom you were deceived. He was an impostor; the man now in prison charged with crimes of the blackest nature, is the son of lord Dormer; and, sir, I almost fear to inform you, that son is the youth you have educated,

patronised, and loved with parental fondness. Yes, sir, it is Leopold Howorth, who is now in prison; and who, if I am to believe report, is shortly to be called upon to atone for the errors of his life, by an ignominious and violent death.

'He is in Newgate, whither I would myself have hastened, had I not feared his feelings would have been wounded by the presence of a man whom he had injured. That he supplanted me in the affections of lady Caroline Grimstone was ungrateful and unfriendly, I have no hesitation in acknowledging; but, in a moment like this, my resentment is done away, and to afford him assistance or consolation is the wish uppermost in my heart.

'I need not urge you, sir, to supply a place which I cannot on this occasion, without impropriety, fill myself; your own heart will best dictate what is proper to be done. Of this be assured, I knew him to be the son of lord Dormer from the first hour of my acquaintance; nor is it his fault that you were not earlier informed of his real situation. What has tempted him to fall from the pinnacle of honour on which I believed him too firmly placed ever to descend one step, I can form no conjecture; and I am lost in amazement while I contemplate so improbable a change: but from himself you will learn what were the powerful temptations which induced him to barter the well-earned respect of all who knew him, for imprisonment, infamy, and death.

'Disclose the wondrous secret, my father, to your anxious, your unhappy son,

'FERDINAND MARCHMONT.'

'P. S. Have you yet heard any tidings of our imprudent but still beloved Ellen?'

The reader will here discover that Ferdinand was ignorant of Leopold's being the supposed seducer of his sister. It had been a secret carefullyguarded by his father, particularly from him. Every servant of the family had been conjured as well as forbidden not to let it escape them, lest the impetuosity of affronted pride, joined to the resentment of injured love, should lead him to increase the distress of his parents, by seeking satisfaction for their and his own wrongs. This secret had, however, been divulged by Miss Marchmont's

woman to the valet of the marquis Desmond.

This letter dispatched, he next addressed these few lines to lady Caroline Grimstone, whose well-depicted sorrow had penetrated his heart.

MADAM,

'Induced by the belief that you take an interest in the fate of the ill-starred Leopold, I presume to request whatever information it may be in your ladyship's power to give me relative to his imprisonment, and the offences which led to that misfortune. Your having, no doubt, been made acquainted with the enmity which I lately bore Mr. Howorth, renders it necessary that I should explain my

motive for this inquiry, which you might otherwise conclude was unfriendly to him.

'My friendship with Mr. Howorth commenced when we were both boys, nor were we from that time separated scarcely for a day until within these few months; I am consequently qualified to speak on his past life; but, ignorant of every circumstance which led to his present situation, I fear to take any step, lest, in my desire to serve, I should do him an injury, which, ungrateful and unfriendly as has been his conduct to me, I would not do for worlds, no, not even to regain that place in your favour, madam, of which his duplicity deprived me, and which I esteemed beyond every other that good fortune could bestow. But I am digressing, which

I intreat you to pardon, and to believe that my only intention in addreſſing you, aroſe from the hope that I might, when truly informed of Mr. Howorth's ſituation, be enabled to afford him ſome aſſiſtance.

'From himſelf I ſhould have ſought this information; but I could not endure to inſult his misfortunes by the preſence of a man whom he has ſo irreparably injured and deceived. This muſt plead my apology for the preſumption I have been guilty of in intruding upon your ladyſhip.

'I remain,

'with every ſentiment of reſpect,

'F. Marchmont.'

Lady Caroline had no ſooner read this letter, than ſhe wrote the following reply:

'Sir,

'The candour of your letter would command an immediate reply, even did not justice to the character of Mr. Howorth render it indispensable in me to vindicate him from the unjust accusation of having practised duplicity to obtain your place in my favour. I would to heaven, sir, I could as easily acquit this unfortunate man of the other offences with which he stands charged, as I can of this; and I believe, nay, am certain, that he does not suppose I have ever seen you, sir; and further, that to me, at the time of his introduction, he concluded you the declared and accepted lover of lady Caroline Melmoth. That this idea had originated in some mistake, I was aware; but it was a

miſtake I could not have rectified, without making myſelf known to him as the object of your choice, which delicacy would have forbidden.

'Early in my acquaintance with Mr. Howorth, the extenſive merits of his friend, and the unparalleled worth of that friend's parent, were the themes he moſt loved to dwell upon. An undeſcribable ſenſation of timidity, or baſhfulneſs, prevented my acknowledging that you, ſir, were known to me. This ſilence, ſo fooliſhly commenced, brought with it a degree of awkward neceſſity for its continuance; nor did I regret this neceſſity, as I felt convinced that, on the knowledge of your pretenſions, Leopold would have

fled from the object of his Ferdinand's affections.

'When I further add to this justification of Mr. Howorth, that he never solicited my favour, and that he disclaimed all prospect, nay, even a wish to be other than my friend, I think, as far as respects me, you will acquit him of any wrong done to you.

'Having, I trust, explained the conduct of this unfortunate gentleman, I would fain say something to extenuate my own, which I feel has ill repaid the honour you did me by a preference of which I am fully sensible. Since my return to England, I have been exceedingly urged by my connexions to change my situation,

and the marquis Desmond was proposed as my future protector; but, before I had seen his lordship, of whom report spoke unfavourably, I had the honour of being introduced to you, sir. To say I thought favourably of you would not be doing justice to my discernment; I was highly gratified by your attentions: and although I experienced none of those violent sensations which I had heard described as love, I did not discourage your addresses, in the idea that I could never meet any man whom I should prefer to you.

'I was mistaken, sir. Charmed with the manners and conversation of Mr. Howorth, I indulged in his society, nor perceived my danger until my peace was lost. The situation of this gentleman

forbade every thought of uniting my fate with his. He indeed poſſeſſed every gift which could render him eſtimable, birth and fortune alone excepted; and theſe were, I well knew, in the eyes of all my friends, indiſpenſable. Indeed the unhappy choice which my father had made, ſeemed to impoſe a neceſſity upon his children, ſo far as was in their power, to wipe off the ſtain which their blood had received.

'Determined to perform my part, I contended with my inclinations. The ſtruggle between love and duty was long and violent. Duty triumphed, and I procured the abſence of him whoſe preſence conſtituted my earthly enjoyment. Nor was this all; for, far from ſuppoſing

myſelf freed from my malady, I felt that it ſtill lurked in my heart, and that every caution I could exert would prove barely ſufficient to ſave me from obeying the mad dictates of paſſion; to prevent which, I reſolved, by giving my hand to another, to avert the further degradation of my family, even if my future tranquillity were to pay the forfeit. Think not, ſir, that I was inſenſible of the injuſtice of this determination. I felt it—acutely felt it; yet I truſted that I might, by a ſtrict attention to the wiſhes of my huſband, and kindneſs to his foibles, if ſuch he had, atone for the abſence of that fervour of affection in which I felt I muſt ever remain deficient.

'Indifferent now to all mankind alike,

I ſought only a man of temper and morality. And here you muſt permit me to declare, had there not been an inſurmountable bar to my union with you, you would have been the laſt to whom I would have given my hand. Convinced of the ardour of your affection, and of the ſenſibility of your ſoul, I never could have betrayed the one, or wounded the other, by impoſing on you a wife, whoſe perſon was unaccompanied by all that would have rendered it valuable to you, a heart. But, ſir, there was an inſurmountable objection—you were the dear and intimate friend of Leopold; and I muſt have either deſtroyed an intercourſe of affection, which had grown with your growth, and ſtrengthened with your ſtrength, and for which you would have been ill repaid by the cold duty of a

woman, whoſe affections were alienated, and whoſe perſon was ſacrificed, or have been e[illegible]d to the too powerful charms of his ſociety, from whom I wiſhed to fly. I choſe the middle courſe, and almoſt reckleſs of what I did, I permitted the viſit of the marquis Deſmond; but much as I was out of love with life, I could not bend myſelf to this man; he was therefore rejected. Lord Delfield was then propoſed. He, like myſelf, in this inſtance, conformed to the wiſhes of his friends, which, in my eyes, was a ſingular recommendation, as it eaſed my heart of the conſciouſneſs of having repaid ardent affections with coldneſs, and of embittering the days of a man who had placed his happineſs in my keeping.

'The addresses of lord Delfield were accepted; shortly after which my evil genius once more threw me in the same house with the object I most dreaded, and who was then known to me as the son of lord Dormer, and him for whose apprehension a reward was offered. Alarmed at this danger, of which I believed him ignorant, and anxious for his safety, I sought an interview. Fatal to me has proved that meeting; for, understanding the purpose of my errand, though he confessed himself the outcast of lord Dormer, he denied the guilt with which that son stood accused. For this I was prepared; but, alas! not for the look of conscious innocence, the smile of self-complacency, the tone of indignant honour with which it was delivered.

'Unpractiſed in deceit, I knew not that the man, hackneyed in crimes, could aſſume the aſpect of an angel of truth. Shocked at the injury I had done him, and eager to make atonement, I ſunk trembling at his feet. I proffered him my hand, and, with a ſolemnity never to be revoked, made him the maſter of my fate! Could death releaſe me from my vow, I had, ere this, ſaved myſelf from the remorſe, and my friends from the diſgrace into which this act of madneſs has plunged me and them; but it muſt not be. I ſtand ſelf-condemned, and muſt not evade the miſery I ſo raſhly embraced.

'To this detail, ſir, I think you are entitled; nor have I more to add, than

that the ſtatement in the public prints is the ſame that a ſervant of the family with whom this unfortunate man lived, and who was preſent at his examination, brought to his employer. Of his guilt there remains not a doubt on my mind, any more than of the laſting wretchedneſs of

'CAROLINE GRIMSTONE.'

To this the following reply was immediately returned.

'MOST AMIABLE, MOST EXCELLENT OF WOMEN!

'You have reſtored me my friend. I fly to intreat his forgiveneſs on my knees.

'F. MARCHMONT.'

Mr. Marchmont had been inexpressibly shocked by the information contained in his son's letter. He wept the fall of Leopold, he deplored the fate of his unhappy daughter, who, he imagined, was involved in his calamity. Eager to speak peace to her affections, so far as his forgiveness could effect it, he hurried to the person of his late protegé, and with difficulty obtained permission for the friends of the supposed culprit to be permitted to see him.

Upon entering the place of his confinement, Leopold, concluding that his benefactor was freed from his unjust suspicions, attempted to run into his arms; but the unhappy father put him back, sternly demanding, ' Where is my daughter?

Give me back my poor ruined child.' Struck with the too great probability of her loſt ſituation, and the conſequent diſtreſs of her father, he hung his head in ſilence, which was conſtrued into guilt by Mr. Marchmont, who continued, ' Ill have you repaid my protection, my confidence, and my love; but reſtore me my child; let me bear her from this ſcene of miſery and guilt.'

' You wrong me, ſir,' returned Leopold; ' I am not the companion of Miſs Marchmont's flight.'

Obſerving the look of indignant incredulity which flaſhed from his patron's eye, he proceeded:

'I ſee that you diſcredit my aſſertion; but, by that God you taught me to venerate, whoſe dictates are my guide, I knew not of her having left your paternal roof, until informed of it by that letter, that heart-wounding letter, from your hand, charging me with baſeneſs of which my ſoul is incapable.'

Mr. Marchmont gazed on his face in ſilence, while Leopold continued:

'Still do you doubt? yet you had uſed to truſt your Leopold, even while a boy. Never ſhall I forget the delight I experienced at that moment when you ſtroked my head, and ſaid, that my ſoul was above a falſehood.'

Tears fell from Mr. Marchmont's eyes,

while, faltering, he replied, 'It was, it was—but you are ſtrangely altered—you then were not a robber—not an aſſaſſin.'

'Neither am I now, my more than father; and were I as ſure of your acquittal, as I am of that of my country, I ſhould be tolerably happy.'

His patron ſtill ſcrutinized his countenance, the manly beauty of which ſpoke conviction to the heart of this excellent man; and, holding out his hand, he ſaid, with awful ſolemnity, 'Leopold, if you can receive this token of my confidence with honour, with a conſcious integrity of heart, 'tis yours; take it, but beware.'

'I can do more,' interrupted our hero;

'I can fearlefsly prefs to my uncorrupted heart, its venerated owner.'

Mr. Marchmont received and preffed him to his bofom. The moment of reconciliation over, the fituation of Mifs Marchmont recurred to the mind of her anxious father.

'Where,' he exclaimed, 'where can I now feek my unhappy child?'

Leopold was filent. To have communicated what he had learned refpecting her would have been to remove terrifying fears for dreadful certainties. Mr. Marchmont paced the room, while drops of anguifh fell from his eyes. At length fubduing his forrow, he faid, 'For the pre-

ſent I will forget her, who has ſo long forgotten herſelf. Tell me, Leopold, what has befallen you ſince our unfortunate ſeparation? Let me know every particular.'

He was obeyed; and at the concluſion he again preſſed the luckleſs narrator to his breaſt, upbraiding himſelf as the cauſe of his ſufferings.

The hour of quitting the priſon now drew near, and obliged him to retire, but with a promiſe of an early return. Leopold had not been long riſen ere he was informed that a perſon inquired for him. Concluding it was Mr. Marchmont, he gave orders for his admiſſion; but no pen could deſcribe his aſtoniſhment, when he beheld, inſtead of his friend, the imprudent

daughter of that friend. She testified no less surprise, but was the first to make known her disappointment.

'Leopold!' she exclaimed with a voice of vexation, 'why was I brought hither? it was the son of lord Dormer, him who is confined for the robbery of his father, that I wished to see.'

'Unhappy Ellen!' replied Leopold, 'I am that son you inquire for; but not the wretch you believe.'

With a disdainful brow, she demanded, 'What mockery is this? am I fallen so low as to become your sport? It is Leopold Greville whom I seek. He who seduced me from my father's house, who ruined

and abandoned me, and whom I have ſought in this receptacle of ſhame, that I might upbraid him with my wrongs.'

At the name of Greville, Leopold perceived the extent of this wretched girl's misfortunes; and that the impoſtor who had aſſumed his name, and her ſeducer, were the ſame. Surpriſe, indignation, and compaſſion, agitated his boſom. He was diſtreſſed how to act; whether to inform her of the diſcovery that he had made, or let her remain ignorant of his knowledge of the double impoſition. While he muſed, Ellen continued:

'Little, ſir, does this indignant ſilence become the object of my father's bounty. Reſpect for him might teach you to com-

paſſionate his ruined, his ill-treated daughter.'

The door opened, and Mr. Marchmont ſtood before them. A deadly paleneſs overſpread his countenance. He ſpoke not, but, preſſing his hand upon his breaſt, raiſed his eyes to heaven. Exceſſively alarmed, Leopold darted to his aſſiſtance. At his approach, the miſerable parent ſtarted, and with a hollow, but feeble voice, pronounced, 'Avaunt, thou bane of my peace! deteſted hypocrite, avaunt! Take with you my curſe, a father's curſe.'

Leopold, haſtily retreating, held up his hand, as if to repel the awful malediction; and, overpowered by the violent and varying emotions of his ſoul, ſunk upon a

ſeat, in a ſtate of mental and corporeal torpidity. The cauſe of all this miſchief, the imprudent Ellen, ſtood fixed in wonder, until her father ſaid, ‘ Come, unfortunate girl, leave that baſe deſtroyer of your fame and my peace, to the pangs which his guilty heart will ſooner or later experience.’

Not yet comprehending what he meant, ‘ Who, ſir,’ ſhe tremblingly demanded; ‘ who am I to quit? Is it Leopold? What has he done? How can he have injured me?’

‘ Wretched girl! Has he not betrayed you into ruin?’

'Who—Leopold? This is ſome miſtake, my father; be explicit, I beſeech you.'

'Has he not ſeduced you from the paths of duty, of honour, and of virtue?'

'No, on my ſoul. Speak to him, ſir; he is innocent; ſee how he ſuffers; ſpeak to him, I conjure you.'

Mr. Marchmont, who ſtill had his doubts, required her to tell him truly, and not add to her offences by falſehood, with whom ſhe left her father's houſe, and why he found her in that place.

'I came,' ſhe replied, 'to ſeek the deſtroyer of my peace; I came, to ſeek

the proſcribed Leopold Greville, the infamous ſon of lord Dormer.'

'Father of mercies!' exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, 'do not my ſenſes deceive me? Oh, my child! you are loſt indeed! wretched, wretched parent! why has your life been extended to this miſerable hour? Leopold, my injured friend, let my calamities plead for me; let pity for my ſufferings obtain your forgiveneſs.'

Leopold, ſcarcely recovered from the ſtupor of his ſenſes, knelt at the feet of his revered benefactor; who raiſing him to his boſom, they wept in each others arms. The thoughtleſs, but not unprincipled, Ellen, felt the bittereſt contrition; and received, from her afflicted parent, all the

consolation which his pardon and compassion had the power to impart: and the arrival of Ferdinand, with the perfect reconciliation that succeeded between him and our hero, produced something like tranquillity in every breast;—although Leopold's dread of the meeting between him and his father, which was to take place the following morning, that being appointed for his trial, would, in spite of his best endeavours, obtrude upon his thoughts.

At the hour appointed, accompanied by Mr. Marchmont and his son, he reached the sessions-house. Lord Dormer was already there, and begged, before he was confronted with the prisoner, to be allowed to speak a few words. This

man, his lordſhip ſaid, was publickly announced, and generally believed, to be his ſon; but of the falſehood of this, he could bring inconteſtable proof; as he was the acknowledged offspring of a domeſtic then in his family: that a real or fancied likeneſs to the unfortunate youth whoſe name he uſurped, had endeared him to lady Dormer, and procured him many tokens of her favour; among which was an education, that, had it been properly applied, would have rendered him a uſeful member of ſociety, inſtead of its ſcourge. That he had deemed it neceſſary to premiſe thus much, before he proceeded to identify the perſon, with which he was but too well acquainted; having been frequently intruded upon with violent threats, for the purpoſe of

extorting money; although, in his conſcience, he believed he never had any deſign to deprive him of his life until this laſt meeting; and even then, he conceived his malignity had proceeded from ſome, certainly imprudent threats for a man in his ſituation to uſe, and which drove the villain to ſecure his own ſafety, by the murder of him who had ſworn to give him up to juſtice.

The priſoner was now brought forward. At ſight of him, the earl ſtarted, and, darting forward, ſeized the hand of Leopold, exclaiming, 'Is this him that you call your priſoner? Gracious heaven! it is my deliverer, the man to whoſe bravery and humanity I owe my life. What an un-

fortunate miſtake! How, ſir, can I atone for the injuſtice that you have ſuffered?'

Leopold aſſured him, that no atonement was due, nor could blame be attached to any one, the proofs of his guilt being too preſumptive to admit of an acquittal, but through his lordſhip.

Some neceſſary forms being complied with, Leopold was on the point of withdrawing, when lord Dormer's ſteward approached his lordſhip, bearing in his hand the watch that had been found on our hero, which he preſented, ſaying, 'This watch, my lord, I imagine you will recollect, and probably think fit to inquire from whom this gentleman obtained it.'

His lordſhip took the watch, which ſeemed to palſy his whole frame. After gazing on it for a moment, he articulated, 'Yes, I too well recollect it.' Then having more carefully examined it—'It is the ſame, it was his mother's, ſhe gave it to him.' Leopold, greatly affected, leaned upon the ſhoulder of Ferdinand. Lord Dormer, on turning towards him, was ſtruck with his agitation, and gazed in his face, which he vainly endeavoured to cover with his hand. After a moment ſpent in contemplating his features, his lordſhip uttered in a low voice, 'Is it impoſſible? may it not be himſelf?' Mr. Marchmont, no longer maſter of his feelings, exclaimed, 'It is, lord Dormer! the youth before you is your ſon. Leopold, receive the bleſſing of your father.' Lord

Dormer reached forward, and Leopold, ſlowly riſing from the ſhoulder of his friend, ſunk on the boſom of his father.

A ſilence, like that of death, reigned through the court. But we ſhall here, following the example of Kotzebue, drop the curtain on a ſcene which we want the power to deſcribe.

Having ſeen our hero acquitted of the crimes with which he ſtood charged, and made known to his father, every thing follows of courſe; and my readers will not be ſurpriſed to learn, that he was, in a few weeks after, united to the object of his affections, and experienced the moſt perfect conviction, that his ideas reſpecting the illiberality of the world had been

erroneous, and that much of his paſt unhappineſs had originated in his own too great ſenſibility. He acknowledged, that he ſaw in himſelf a proof that honourable conduct would do away the prejudice of birth; and that to tread, undeviating, the path of virtue, was the only means to reach the haven of peace. He lived long and reſpected; but, as unalloyed happineſs is inconſiſtent with the lot of humanity, we are forced to acknowledge, that, in ſpite of the efforts of his lovely and idolized wife, the recollection of his diſgraceful and guilty birth would ſometimes ſpread a cloud over his brow, and a ſadneſs over his heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of the other perſons concerned in this drama, we have learned thus much. Lady Dormer's joy, at recovering her ſon, whoſe loſs had filled her ſoul with unceaſing anguiſh and ſelf-upbraiding, was tinctured by the recollection of his infant contempt, and the dread of what his riper years might inflict. Surrounded with the pomp of grandeur, the blaze of affluence, and the incenſe of adulation, ſhe ſighed for that content, which the heart at peace with itſelf can only give.

Nor was her lord a leſs ſtriking inſtance of the impolicy of guilt; for, beſide the certainty of having filled the boſom of her moſt dear to his heart with remorſe and ſhame, he was in continual dread of meeting, as he frequently did, the man upon earth that he moſt wiſhed to ſhun. At theſe times, the ſtern contempt of Mr. Mountjoy wounded his ſoul; and, as his eye ſhrunk from that of his late friend, he was often led to regret *that* one act of his life, by which he had merited the ſcorn of this honourable man. The publicity of Leopold's reſtoration removed the recollection of events ſo diſgraceful. Thoſe, and the long forgotten tale, were in every mouth. Aſhamed to go into company, and unqualified for ſolitude, they paſſed over to the continent,

there to reſide until ſuch time as the univerſal buz ſhould have ſubſided.

The family of Mr. Marchmont was reſtored to ſome degree of tranquillity, if not of happineſs, by the efforts of their grateful protegè; who, having ſeen the arrival in England of the elder Mr. Weſtbrook announced in the papers, waited upon that gentleman, and introduced himſelf by ſaying, that, although a ſtranger to Mr. Weſtbrook's perſon, he was well acquainted with his character, having heard Mr. Marchmont very often ſpeak of him. At the name of Marchmont, the old gentleman's countenance loſt much of the good humour which it had before pourtrayed; and he peeviſhly ſaid, 'Then, ſir, 'tis like you know but little good of

me, for people seldom speak well of the person they have used ill; and, that Will Marchmont has used me most scurvily, I fancy he will not himself deny. Will and I, sir, were old friends, for we were boys and young men, at the time we loved each other so dearly: and now, that we are old, we are no friends at all. We were neither of us rich, though of good families. He was always fond of Greek and Latin, while I learned that two and two make four. The stock of knowledge I had acquired I turned to account, by carrying it to the east, where it soon proved a valuable article. Having two children, a boy and a girl, and finding that Marchmont had the same, I formed a plan of continuing our friendship, by uniting our children. D—n

it, I wiſh the thought had never entered my head, I might then, on my return to my native country, have ſhaken the friend, whom on earth I loved the beſt, by the hand; but now, if we ſhould meet, it ſeems, we muſt not ſay, 'How do you, Charles?' and 'Very well, I thank you, Will:' and, ſince that is the caſe, I hope we ſhall never meet. Yet, I ſhould like to get a peep at him. Pray, how does he wear? he was a handſome fellow. Do you know his ſon? Is he like his father? Ah! I thought to have made him my ſon, and had actually divided my rupees into four parts, for my four children, as I fooliſhly thought; and when I was expecting to hear that the parſon had been to work, comes a d—d palavering, ſneaking letter, ſaying that my children would not

do; and another from them, telling me, that Marchmont had as good as turned them out of doors, because he had greater folks in his eye. Oh, Will! Will! a child of yours should not have been obliged to make way for the Great Mogul.'

Tears glistened in his eyes, convincing Leopold at once of the goodness of his heart, and its affection for his friend. When he had ceased speaking, Leopold said, 'I am almost sorry, Mr. Westbrook, to correct the mistake under which you labour, respecting Mr. Marchmont's conduct to your family; as, in revealing theirs to him, I must lessen your future opinion of their honour and veracity.'

He then related the whole imposition

of their visit to Marchmont Hall, as it had been related to him by Miss Westbrook, and concluded with the fatal consequences arising to Mr. Marchmont's family from his unfortunate hospitality to the impostor whom they had introduced. Mr. Westbrook had listened, sometimes with incredulity, at others with impatience; at length, hastily rising, he rang the bell violently, and gave orders for the immediate attendance of his son and daughter.

Upon their entrance, Miss Westbrook took no notice of Leopold, except by staring in his face, and making a bobbing kind of courtesy. Mr. Westbrook intimated to them to be seated, and requested that Leopold would repeat what he had before said. He did so; and the young man

betrayed evident ſymptoms of guilt. Not ſo his unbluſhing ſiſter; who, on her father's demanding, if one word of what that gentleman had ſtated was truth, ſhe anſwered, 'Certainly not; the young man is only quizzing you, old gentleman.'

'From whom, ſir,' inquired Mr. Weſtbrook, 'did you learn theſe particulars?'

'From that lady herſelf.'

'All a quiz, old gentleman, never ſaw the young man before—one of your knowing ones—take you in—put you in a paſſion—make you ſtrike him—get into the hands of the lawyers—down with your rupees—excellent joke—whole town

laughs at Nabob choused of his rupees—better mind what I say—not up to these things, old gentleman.'

'Curse me,' said the angry father, 'if I am up to one word that you have said, Jacquelina; this d—d gibberish of yours sets my teeth on edge. I wish I had remained in the torrid zone, for, in my daughter and my friend, which were my great inducements to return, I am like to have little comfort; the one, I cannot for my soul understand, and the other I must not speak to. But possibly you, sir,' turning to his son, 'not having been educated in England, may know enough of the language to let me comprehend you. Have you been the rascal this gentleman would make me believe?'

Hildebrand acknowledged the deception, but protested that he meant no ill, and expressed his sorrow that any had attended what he looked upon merely as a frolick. Mr. Westbrook was almost frantic; he swore, he raved, and threatened; during which his daughter had looked at him with amazement, until on his exclaiming he was ruined, undone, she burst into a loud laugh, and assured him that it was his want of being up to things which made him expose himself—that it was quite ill-bred to be serious—nobody was serious now a days—even the term was obsolete in the fashionable world—every body merry—you laugh at others follies—others laugh at yours—quite the stile.'

'I will try, however,' replied Mr. West-

brook, 'if I cannot make you unfaſhionable for once; at leaſt if you laugh, it ſhall be at your own expence, when you will be ſure of having what you are fond of, plenty of company.'

Then addreſſing Leopold, he continued: 'I ſhall never ſleep in peace, Mr. Greville, until I have obtained my friend's forgiveneſs, nor can I aſk that until I have done ſomething to prove that I merit it. I will this hour make my will, and bequeath every ſhilling I poſſeſs to the injured daughter of my diſgraced friend, leaving it to her generoſity to pay or not a ſmall annuity to that faſhionable lady, who may henceforth, for aught I care, teach her Hebrew jargon for her ſupport. As to that blockhead, whom I really believe ſhe has miſ-

led, if Miſs Marchmont will accept his worthleſs hand, he may partake my wealth with her; but, by Him that made me, not one guinea elſe. So now, I will about the buſineſs; you ſhall be my ambaſſador.'

Hildebrand knew his father's temper, and haſtened to declare his readineſs to obey him in whatever he ſhould command. Leopold, whoſe reſentment at the deſtroyers of his patron's peace, knew no bounds, and who thought, ſituated as Ellen was, that this match was very deſirable, readily undertook to be the bearer of any commiſſion to Mr. Marchmont, and was the next day furniſhed with a letter in the following terms:

'My dear abused old friend,

'The worthy gentleman who gives this into your hand, will inform you of ſome d—d proceedings which you but little dream of, becauſe he thought it would do you no good to know them. Thank God! he did not think the ſame of me; ſo you muſt ſtop here till you have heard them.

'Well, now that you are maſter of the iniquitous ſtory, I will tell you the reſt. I have made my will, by which I declare your dear deceived Ellen heir to every ounce of gold I poſſeſs. If I ever alter it, may I thenceforth eat graſs like Nebuchadnezzar, or, what is worſe, be for ever doomed to liſten to my faſhionable daugh-

ter's lingo. So don't think to contradict me, for you know I never yet ſaid and unſaid. If my dear Ellen will conſent to ſhare it with my raſcal ſon, who, after all, is more fool than knave; why, you ſee, it may make us all comfortable again, and I ſhall have a daughter whom I can underſtand, and whom I ſhall (for I am ſure you have not made her a daſher, as mine ſtiles herſelf) love, and cheriſh, and honour; and I can then come and ſee my dear Will, and ſhake his hand, and look in his face and ſmile, and ſhall ſee him ſmile; but, if not, I muſt be a poor unhappy man all the reſt of my life, and die without talking over old times. Only think of that, my dear dear friend. Beſides, Mr. Greville will let you ſee I am not to blame, and you cannot be ſo altered as to

punifh me for other people's faults. I have enough of my own, God knows. There have I toiled late and early, with nobody to fpeak to but elephants, or their more ftupid mafters; and all for what? why to make a lady of fafhion of my daughter, and a fool of my fon.

'First, I fend one to *England*, then the other, with their Becky of a mother to take care of them, who let them run heels over head; but fhe is dead, poor foul! fo I will fay nothing about her, nor about any of them, for I believe that is the beft way, particularly as I am no great letter-writer. But this I muft tell you, if you are proud and hard-hearted, and do not accept my booby of a fon, I will return to the deferts, and live with my old

old friends the elephants, whom I ſhall treat with more reſpect, as I now know they are not the worſt nor the moſt unintelligible companions in the world.

'So having told you my mind, and ſent you my laſt teſtament, I have nothing more to add, but that it would do my heart and my eyes good to ſee you, my old ſchoolfellow, and moſt dear friend; but if you are revengeful, and we are never to meet in this world, why, I muſt look forward to that ſatisfaction in the next, when you can't help yourſelf. So, God bleſs you, and ſoften your heart, and that of my beloved little Ellen, prays upon his bended knees,

'Yours till death,

'CHARLES WESTBROOK.'

This letter was read by Mr. Marchmont with ſenſations of affection, gratitude, and deep diſtreſs. Having peruſed the whole, he ſaid, 'Dear Leopold, this freſh inſtance of the intereſt you take in my welfare, demands my thanks; but in this one inſtance it muſt fail. Were I inclined to impoſe my child on any man, the publicity of her ſhame would render my infamous attempt abortive; and to expoſe her, fallen as ſhe is, to the inſult and neglect of a contemning huſband, is what I could not endure. No, poor Ellen! you have condemned yourſelf to a ſingle and a diſcontented life, and I have not the power to help you, nor yet to comply with my long-loved friend's deſires. The teſtament he has made I am convinced he will never alter; it muſt therefore

be my business to render it ineffectual; for, were these young people even as accessary to the undoing of my child as you and their father suppose them, yet should they not be punished, nor she recompensed by depriving them of a fortune, which could not restore her to worldly fame or her own respect. But I am far from supposing that mine or her misfortune would not have happened had not the Westbrooks ever existed; as this villain had, in various disguises, (for he can, it seems, assume all appearances) attempted an acquaintance with her, and would at last have succeeded, as in fact he did, without their assistance; for she certainly does not even now suspect that the representative of Hildebrand Westbrook and her destroyer are the same. Therefore I

cannot consent to punish them for an artifice at which we should have laughed, had my luckless Ellen possessed stronger principles of honour, or greater rectitude of conduct. I will myself be the bearer of my answer to the companion of my youthful days; my presence will soften a refusal which I know will afflict his honest heart. You shall accompany me, and we will go directly.'

Leopold followed in silence, having no argument to offer in opposition to a decision so honourable, so full of wisdom and justice. The meeting was such as might be expected from the opposite characters of the men. Mr. Westbrook's joy was extravagant. He laughed, cried, danced, sung, and kissed his friend alternately;

while Mr. Marchmont was manly, affectionate, and reafonable. He preffed the companion of his youthful days to his bofom with fervour, and welcomed him to his native country with fincerity; but a more difcerning eye would have perceived the cloud, which, in fpite of his beft endeavours, would at intervals obfcure the brilliancy of his intelligent eye, and drefs in fadnefs his interefting countenance.

He foon faw that his coming had mifled his friend, and that the conviction of his miftake would deftroy all that happinefs which he now enjoyed. He grieved to deprefs fo benevolent, fo noble a heart; yet honour forbade his continuing a deception, which would acquire ftrength from delay: he, therefore, haftened to difclofe the purpofe

of his viſit. Mr. Weſtbrook liſtened to his explanation with evident impatience, relinquiſhing the hand he had preſſed, and by degrees moving his chair to a greater diſtance. Starting at length from his ſeat, he exclaimed, 'I underſtand you, I underſtand you; d—n your palaver; this is your friendſhip, this is your fatherly affection. What a puppy, what an aſs was I to expect any thing like kindneſs from you! Didn't I know your romantic, fooliſh notions of honour and ſuch ſtuff? Don't I remember when you was a ſchoolboy, a child, your being charged with ſmouching Tom Haſtings's knife; and though you were as fully acquitted of having any hand in it, as if the bench of biſhops, with king George at their head, had been your jurors, didn't I ſee you

pule and pine becaufe you had been accufed; and when I wanted to talk you out of your whimfies, didn't you, with a face as long as my arm, tell me that Cæfar's wife fhould not even be fufpected. D—n Cæfar's wife, and d—n all fuch hyperbolical nonfenfe; one ounce of plain fenfe is worth a mountain of it.' Then burfting into tears, he continued, 'But, dear Will, dear Marchmont, you will not, furely you will not, break the heart of your old friend Charles Weftbrook. You will not fend me to the grave in the certainty that my children have broke your heart, and that of my poor liittle god-daughter, Ellen.'

Mr. Marchmont was exceedingly affected; he reafoned, he argued, he fpoke of his

daughter's injured fame, of her frailty; but without suffering him to conclude, Mr. Westbrook vociferated, 'It's a lie, by G-d! she is no such thing; and if she is, I like her the better; it shews she has got a soul and a heart, which her unnatural father wants: but I will see if any body but such a brute as you thinks the worse of her;' and violently pulling the bell, he desired Hildebrand to be called. On his appearing, he called out, 'Here, you Mr. Impostor! are you, or are you not, ready and willing, if Miss Marchmont will condescend to accept you, to marry her, and love, honour, and cherish her?'

The youth, with apparent sincerity, replied, that he should esteem himself honoured by being the husband of Miss

Marchmont. The old man caught him in his arms, ſwore he was prouder of him and loved him more at that moment than in his whole life. Mr. Marchmont was overcome. He took the hand of Hildebrand, and would have ſpoken, but his emotions checked his utterance. After a pauſe, he ſaid, 'Take her, ſir; forget her errors, and be kind to her; and may God put it into her heart to repay your generoſity!'

Weſtbrook again huzzaed, and again cried, laughed, and huzzaed his friend and ſon. When more compoſed, Mr. Marchmont repeated his permiſſion, and Leopold prevailed on them to ſeparate for the preſent.

Ellen, whoſe nice ſenſe of feelings of

delicacy were leſs acute than thoſe of her father, and who was weary of the retired life ſhe had lately led, made no objections; and Mr. Weſtbrook's impatience to call her his daughter would admit of no delay. The marriage was celebrated, and the young couple removed to the houſe of Hildebrand's father, where the young man, being of a mild, affectionate temper, and his wife having learned humility in that beſt of all ſchools, adverſity, and prudence from experiencing its neceſſity, they lived happily; which, with the continued worth and dutiful affection of Ferdinand, rendered the remaining years of Mr. Marchmont's life as peaceful and contented as the recollection of his daughter's paſt frailty would permit.

It was not long before he had an example of fortitude and refignation fet before him by his lefs enlightened, but more philofophifing friend, and which caufed him to blufh at the repining of a heart, whofe cup of felicity would have been full, but for one fingle drop, which he had not unfrequently fuffered to embitter the draught of life.

Mifs Weftbrook had, in her vifits to her favourite mare, caft the eye of fondnefs on her father's groom, whom fhe had invited to her chamber. This connection had continued fome time, when a quarrel with her woman haftened a difcovery, which a few weeks muft have made, by producing an inconteftable proof of her delinquency. Mr. Weftbrook was greatly fhocked,

His pride as well as his affections were wounded; he raved and wept for some time like a man incapable of comfort. Growing at length more composed, he sent for the lover of his daughter. Poor John imagined that he heard the sentence of destruction passed upon him, and actually deliberated whether he had not best tie himself to his manger; but, recollecting that he could but die at last, he gained courage to appear in his master's presence, though with a trembling step, and downcast look.

At sight of him, Mr. Westbrook asked, in a good-humoured voice, 'Why, John, what's the matter with you, man?' John twirled his hat, with his eye fixed on the floor, while his employer continued, 'So, I find you are in love with Miss West-

brook, John; but are you enough ſo, to marry her?' John ſtared. 'Nay, man, I am ſerious; ſhe has choſen you as her lover, and I chooſe you for her huſband: but as things are, I conclude you will expect ſome fortune with her, and you ſhan't be diſappointed. I have heard you ſay, that you were an excellent driver. I will, as ſoon as you are married, get you a pair of plates, give you a good coach and a famous pair of horſes, with ſixty pounds to begin; and at the end of a year, if I find you are a good huſband, and uſe your wife well, you ſhall have two coaches with their accompaniments, and another after the birth of every child. So go, and tell your ſweetheart of your good fortune, and that you will marry her to-morrow morning.'

When John had retired, Mr. Marchmont, who was prefent, afked what his friend really meant to do with this unfortunate couple. The old gentleman replied with great calmnefs, 'After what you have heard Will, I do not think you ought to ftile them unfortunate. By good behaviour they may do very well in the line in which I have promifed to place them.'

'You are not ferious?' faid Mr. Marchmont.

'Upon my foul, I am. Why now, prithee Will, what would you have me do? Wou'dft have me turn this wench out of doors to perifh in the ftreets?'

'God forbid!' cried his friend.

'What then!—would'ſt have me make a mockery of mercy, and, by turning off the lad, drive him to evil courſes; and ſo hang the father of my grand-child, while I made a ſtate priſoner of its mother, until confinement and fretting had deſtroyed her conſtitution? This may do for faſhionable folks, but, thank God, I a'n't one of them.'

'It is eaſier, I find,' returned Mr. Marchmont, 'to object than ſuggeſt; yet this plan of yours—'

'Is,' interrupted Mr. Weſtbrook, 'a good plan, and ſhall be executed, or I have done with my daughter. She has

chosen this fellow for her lover; for her own sake, I will suppose, she preferred him to all other men; at any rate, I do but follow her lead; she cannot therefore complain of injustice, which the young man certainly would have cause to do, if I, in any way, injured him, whom no reasoning person can consider as at all to blame. Will any one suppose that he made the first advances? No: she must have spoken her wishes, and plainly too. The girl is good-looking, and John as vain and susceptible as other men; therefore let us ask our own hearts, whether, if placed in his situation, we should have acted other than he has done. Of course, punishment is out of the question; and to reward him with a large fortune would be equally absurd: it would be unjust to

myſelf, to ſociety at large, and fooliſh to him. It would be depriving myſelf of the means of beſtowing my money where it might at leaſt do me credit, and bring me the intereſt of ſelf-approbation. It would be ſetting a bad example, both to low men of aſpiring tempers, and high girls of grovelling ones; and children, yet unborn, might have cauſe to curſe my folly.

'To John it would be fooliſh, unleſs, when I made him rich, I could likewiſe make him a gentleman: but this cannot be; I might as well attempt to waſh the blackamoor white; John will ever ſmell of the ſtable. Beſides, I do not think this girl will make a bad coachman's wife; ſhe may be uſeful as his groom,

if in no other capacity. She will, I believe, require a pretty tight rein; but John has been accuſtomed to ſpirited animals, and will break her in, if any man can. He will have another advantage, provided, indeed, he wiſhes to avail himſelf of it; he will underſtand her lingo, it being, in my mind, only intelligible to the knights of the ſtable, or the Newmarket jockeys.'

'With what calmneſs,' ſaid Mr. Marchmont, 'you ſpeak on this unhappy ſubject! You amaze me, by your tranquil reaſonings.'

'Is there,' returned his friend, 'any thing wonderful in a man's ſupporting with fortitude an irremediable evil? I feel my daughter's dereliction from virtue

and decency. I am ſenſible of the diſgrace and ridicule which her conduct has attached to me; and if lamentation could reſcue her, or cure the wound ſhe has given to the honour of my family, I have proved that I could weep: but that cannot be; what is paſt can never be recalled; and I feel no inclination to quarrel with the numberleſs benefits which a merciful Benefactor has heaped upon my head, becauſe it has pleaſed him to refuſe me perfect bliſs. No, I will prove, by my grateful enjoyment of his favours, and cheerful ſubmiſſion to his refuſals, that I am not entirely unworthy of his protection.'

Mr. Marchmont felt the unintended rebuke, and caſt down his eyes in ſilent

confusion. Mr. Westbrook, after a pause, remarked his thoughtfulness, and asked on what he meditated so deeply.

'On a lesson,' he answered, 'for which I shall, I trust, be better while I exist. Oh, Charles! you have hitherto mocked me by an affected inferiority, to which, this hour of trial has proved that you have no claim. I will henceforth tread in your footsteps; and imitate, as far as my want of true nobility of mind will permit, your wise and grateful conduct to Him, whose infinite mercies can scarcely be traced on my heart; while the single scourge that it has pleased him to inflict, stands recorded there in letters of brass. Weak, weak, unmanly Marchmont, no longer presume

to dictate to him, who has proved himself every way your superior.'

'That's not true,' replied Mr. Westbrook. 'You, William, have ten times my sense; the difference lies in this, your naturally brilliant understanding has been so refined by the polish of education, and of elegant society, that every shadow reflected on its glittering surface appears a deformity, and an incurable evil. Like the sensitive plant, it retreats from defilement; but, if once overtaken, dies beneath the touch: while mine, homely by nature, and unbeautified by art, is less susceptible of blemish. What would in your eyes be a scar, is in mine a scratch. Impatient to be healed, you use quack medicines; their power seizes on a vital part; and you, too

late, discover that your neglect of more lenient remedies has been your ruin. I apply to my old physician, Time, who soon sets me on my legs, by the simple prescription of not humouring my malady, by too much attention to either its feigned or real pains. And now, to my mind, I have talked conversation, as they say in the East, very finely; and will now set about making young Master or Miss Hobbins come into the world with a title to its father's name and honours, by making it at least lawfully born.'

The difficulties in this business proved less than Mr. Westbrook expected; as John had not had courage to disclose to his fair one, more than their intended marriage; to which, as her liking for the

young man had not yet abated, ſhe made but ſmall objections; and, two days after, ſhe was conveyed to church in John's own coach, driven by a ſervant of his bride's father. Mr. Weſtbrook met them at the place appointed, and, having given the lady away, and, ſeen the ceremony ended, he gave them his bleſſing; and telling his ſon-in-law, that the ſooner he took the reins in his own hands the better, adviſed him to drive his wife home; John mounted his box and drove off, while the old gentleman mentally exclaimed, 'There go the fruits of a faſhionable education;' and left them to purſue their route, which they did, to a ſmall ſnug houſe at Paddington, where Mrs. Hobbins ſoon learned the extent of her misfortunes. Like Caliſta, 'at firſt

her rage was dumb and wanted words;' but ſoon a ſtorm aroſe, which threatened huſband, father, and even herſelf, with dreadful deſtruction.

John courted, ſoothed, and flattered; but all in vain. Her ravings were in no wiſe abated, until John, finding his patience on the wane, ſet up a violent whiſtling. This diſreſpect was beyond endurance; ſhe called him villain, ſeducer, deſtroyer, wretch! John could bear no more.

'If,' he replied, 'I bees a villain, who made me ſo? You. I was vartuous and honeſt, till you com'd a palavering and coaxing me; and as to my being a ſeducerer, by goſh that name would ſuit

ſomebody I has in my eye better. Had you ſtaid in your proper place, I fancy I ſhould'nt have com'd to look after you, in my maſter's parlour; I ſhould as ſoon have thought of making free with queen Charlotte for that matter: and as to my being a deſtroyer, that's a lie, for I wouldn't hurt a mouſe, if he didn't deſerve it; thof I bees like other men, if I bees provoked beyond bearing, as one may ſay, juſt as I was t'other day by Fleetfoot. But I fancy ſhe will mind better next time, for I leathered the jade's jacket ſoundly.'

Here he gave his whip a ſmack, which rang through the room, and cauſed the heart of his wife to tremble, and every

bone in her body to ache; while John continued his harangue.

'As to my being a wretch, why I doesn't know that that may be altogether untrue, because you may hap to make me one. But that's none of my fault, no more nor my being a seducerer; so you arn't a going to make me think no worse of myself, I promise you.'

The heart of Mrs. Hobbins could not deny the truth of what had been advanced; it was at once mortified and humbled. She therefore thought it best to descend from her stilts, and try to make the best of a situation that she certainly merited, if indeed she had merited so much good fortune. For the woman, whose

fall from virtue has been occasioned by the captivating qualities of her lover, by elegant manners, good sense, and education, combined with equal or superior rank, delicate attentions, and ardent or artful declarations of passions, we can feel; we can pity the unfortunate delusion of her senses, which have driven her from her place in society; and had we the power, we would pour into her wounded bosom some sweet oblivious antidote, to cleanse it from lasting remorse, and reconcile her to her own, though she never can regain the world's, opinion. But for the wanton, the indelicate female, who, following the dictates of a depraved heart, descends to become solicitress of love (for on no other terms can such connexions as we have described take place), when she

adds groſſneſs and vulgarity to guilt, dreſſing vice in a garb of tenfold deformity, then we confeſs our heart is devoid of pity: we cannot compaſſionate errors for which no poſſible excuſe can be offered; we therefore feel no regret in leaving Mrs. Hobbins without one ſingle conſolation; unleſs that of having aſtoniſhed the *natives* afforded her any. Yet, upon recollection, we fancy that ſhe was, for once in her life, ſatisfied with the quantity, if not the quality, of her notoriety, which kept its place in the memory of her acquaintance after all traces of her perſon were forgotten. So truly has the poet ſaid, 'Men's evil actions live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.'

CHAPTER XV.

Lord and lady Grimſtone proceeded in their uſual courſe, until one fatal night, when his lordſhip, attracted by the uncommon magnitude and delicacy of a capon which appeared at ſupper, ate more than his accuſtomed quantity; notwithſtanding which, the bird purſued him in his ſleep, and brought along with it a new appetite. Eager to repeat his enjoyment, he plunged his fork into its breaſt, and drew it to him; but, ere he could proceed to diſſect the delicious creature, it gave a deep groan, and, ſuddenly aſſuming the

visage of his former wife, uttered in a hollow tone, ‘ Worthless man, you have pierced my heart; may my death sit heavy on you!’ He awoke with a loud and dismal cry, which likewise disturbed her ladyship, who, starting up, asked, what the d—l was the matter with him. To this she received no other answer, than, ‘ Oh, the capon!’

‘ Curse the capon!’ said the countess, ‘ han’t you done with that yet?’

‘ My wife! my wife!’ proceeded his lordship.

‘ Well! what of her?’

‘ She is the capon.’

'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed the alarmed lady; 'for I am ſure my bones would ſoon be picked.'

'I tell you,' repeated lord Grimſtone, my wife is the capon.'

'And I tell you,' returned his provoked wife, 'ſhe has got a gooſe for her huſband.'

Being ſomewhat recovered, the earl related his dream; at which his lady laughed very heartily, aſſuring him it was nothing 'but a wiſion,' as he might depend upon it no wife would come looking after him, when ſhe could ſtay away. Her arguments, however reaſonable, were ineffectual. The dream recurred, and

with it the dreadful words which made a part of it. The sight of a capon threw him into terror; his appetite failed; he sickened, and died. His last words, 'Oh, the capon! the capon!' not being generally understood, seemed so in unison with all he had ever spoken, that they procured him the *appellation* of 'Glutton Grimstone,' and secured him a place in men's remembrance, which he would not otherwise have retained.

His daughter was present at his departure, and, kneeling at his bed-side, fervently petitioned the Almighty to receive with mercy the creature by whom the scanty talent given to his care had been buried in the earth. He was placed, without ostentation, among his ancestors.

The ſimple inſcription upon his tomb (' Here lies John, earl of Grimſtone, viſcount Valletort, &c. &c. who was born June 26, ... and departed this life, December 15, ...) conveyed, if we except ſome improvements in cookery, and the leſſon imparted at his death, (that even ſtupidity is no guard againſt the ſtings of conſcience) as much as his whole life had done.

Lady Grimſtone, weary of playing at Great Lady, accepted the renewed addreſſes of her former lover, with whom ſhe lived much more to her mind, than ſhe had done ſince the reſignation of her place of cookmaid in her late lord's kitchen.

The death of the peer occaſioned the

return of his ſon, now earl of Grimſtone; who at once reſtored the long dormant honour of his family, and gave a convincing proof, that induſtry and perſeverance in a praiſe-worthy cauſe could overcome difficulties, whoſe magnitude would have alarmed and deterred a leſs noble mind.

Mr. Henry Demſmel, alias Weſtbrook, alias Greville, and ſo forth, and ſo forth, and ſo forth, having been nearly as clever in metamorphoſing as his quondam ſiſter, had, by his various diſguiſes, eſcaped the fangs of juſtice for ſome time; at length, finding himſelf cloſely purſued, and being perfect maſter of the virtues, vices, and peculiarities of every gentleman and gentlewoman in the neighbourhood, had marked them out for depredation; and

resolved, on this occasion, to profit by the weakness or infirmity of Mr. Cleveland; for which purpose, he sent the following laconic note to that gentleman, when he knew that Mrs. Cleveland was absent.

'You will this night prove if your loyalty be real, or like that of the traitor who has betrayed me. Be alone at one.

'Rex.'

Mr. Cleveland had been tolerably calm until he received this; but he was no longer so. All his thoughts were turned on the best manner of proving his inviolable faith to his suffering monarch; whose security being the first feature in his plan, he ordered all his servants to be assembled

in the chapel of his houſe, where he, with all poſſible ſolemnity, ſwore them to the moſt profound ſecreſy, as to any thing they ſhould obſerve, or have reaſon to ſuſpect, within the walls of Cropredy-bridge, then, or at any time thenceforward. This done, he in the ſame ſtile adminiſtered the *oath of fealty* to Charles the Second; though, in fact, he was in ſome doubt, whether the expected refugee might not be Charles the Firſt, being rather confuſed about the certainty of his death. He, however, thought it on the ſafe ſide, to ſwear their obedience to one whom he felt aſſured was alive and well, rather than to one who might be dead.

This ceremony performed, he commanded them to array themſelves in their

beſt apparel, and line the paſſage from the hall to the royal chamber. He now retired to adorn himſelf, which he did in a moſt ſuperb ſuit of velvet, richly embroidered with gold; a magnificent ſword, a flowing wig, a bag, and chapeau-bras, completed his dreſs. He now ſeated himſelf on a ſtool, which ſtood beneath a chair of ſtate, and waited in awful expectation the arrival of his King, alias Henry Demſmel.

The clock ſtruck one. All remained in perfect ſilence. Mr. Cleveland grew uneaſy. 'Oh, my royal maſter!' he exclaimed, 'you have been way-laid, and I ſhall never ſee you more; but I will arm my truſty knights, and ſet forth. I will reſcue or periſh in your defence. Seiz-

ing and drawing his ſword, he deſcended, and was ſomewhat diſappointed to find that his truſty knights, inſtead of lining the paſſage, were carouſing in the ſervants' hall. Thither he went, deſiring them to arm and follow him. They replied, that it rained too hard.

'Diſloyal knaves,' he exclaimed, 'ignoble caitiffs—' a loud rap at the door interrupted his rebuke, and hurried him back to the royal apartment. A light footſtep nimbly followed, which convinced him that the perſon was young, conſequently could not be Charles the Firſt, and of courſe muſt be Charles the Second. Having gained the apartment, and ſet the candle down, he haſtily turned, and, throwing himſelf on both his knees at the

feet of the person who had entered, and presenting the hilt of his sword, he said, 'Monarch of England, loved and lawful sovereign, deign to accept this pledge of my fidelity; and when I cease to protect you with my life and fortune, strike it into this worthless heart.'

A loud sigh prevented his proceeding. He raised his eyes, and saw his son. Abashed and disappointed, he rose, saying, 'Go to bed, boy; what brought you here? But first see your mother; tell her 'tis my command that she retire, and that she ask no questions, nor make any remarks on what she sees or hears, however wonderful, strange, or important they may appear.'

The boy, tittering as he went, returned to his mother, whom he informed that ſhe muſt go to ſleep inſtantly, as the king was coming. A ſecond, but more gentle, rap at the door called the attention of Mrs. Cleveland. A man in a deep diſguiſe entered. Again he was upon his knees; but perhaps a deſcription of the reception of this extraordinary viſitant may convey as good an idea of it, and prove more entertaining than our dull recital of facts would be. This was contained in a letter addreſſed to a brother-adventurer, and was in the following words:

'DEAR HAL,

'Having diſcovered that every thing belonging to my royal perſon is held ſacred at Gudgeon Caſtle, I can no longer

debar myſelf the gratification of amuſing you with the particulars of my preſent ſituation.

'I was on my arrival deviliſhly ſtartled at ſeeing the hall blazing with lights, and a dozen or fourteen ſtout fellows in rich liveries ſcampering about, and running againſt each other. By Jove, I thought the knowing ones were taken in, and that I was entangled in my own toils. It was too late to retreat, ſo I followed with all the grace I could; a fellow, who turned and bowed to the ground at every three ſteps he advanced, with a tall candle in each fiſt, led the way to an apartment. At every bow I had expected that thoſe behind, every devil of whom I took to be blood-hunters, would ſeize my pre-

cious perſon. I, however, entered, and was met by a man all over gold and ſcarlet, with a judge's wig upon his head, and a drawn ſword in his hand.

'Here I confeſs my little ſtock of courage failed, conceiving that ſummary juſtice was the plan, and *that* I was to be tried, condemned, and executed in the ſame moment; inſtead of which, the figure advanced, and, plumping down on both knees, preſented me the hilt of the ſword, which I eagerly ſeized as an inſtrument ſent by Providence, who was weary of tormenting me, to aſſiſt my eſcape. But, prompted by my good or evil genius, for as yet I cannot decide which, I pauſed, with intent to determine what courſe I ſhould purſue; during which the viſion

(for I can hardly now think it flesh and blood, it being destitute of the first, and, for aught I can see, equally so of the latter) made a speech, from which I understood sufficient to convince me, that, if not "a spirit of health," it was not "a goblin damned;" and from dreading "blasts from hell," I changed to expecting "airs from heaven;" so I resolved thus, "be thy intents wicked or charitable, thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee," will call thee friend, protector, loyal subject, and, in one second more, I was "every inch a king."

'I raised and pressed to my royal bosom the boney spectre, who conducted me to a royal chair of crimson velvet, so be-curtained and be-fringed, that I fan-

cied myſelf doctor R—— in his new pulpit, and I actually began to diſplay my white handkerchief, which ſo affected my hoſt, who ſuppoſed me to be weeping, that I was obliged to employ it in concealing the exceſſive mirth which his lamentations provoked. This was interrupted by the entrance of a ſumptuous repaſt, that excited ſenſations of another kind; and the worms never made a heartier meal on my royal father, or indeed on my royal ſelf, than did I on the viands of old barebones, which I waſhed down with excellent Burgundy; and ſhortly after was placed upon a bed of down, in a room as big as the Fleet, and which was dizened out on all ſides with ſour-looking fellows, clad in ſcarlet robes, black gowns, and flowing perukes, which, whenever I peeped at

them, reminded me of the seffions at the Old Bailey; and I dreamed of nothing the whole night but judges, juries, witneffes, and the gallows; waking in the morning with the words "uneafy lies the head that wears a crown" running in mine.

'The following day was fpent on my part in eating, drinking, and telling lies: fo indeed has every day fince, without variation, except in the colour of the old man's coat; the moth-eaten remnants of his former grandeur having been all drawn forth, to do honour to his fugitive fovereign. Beginning to think that this was curfed dull work, particularly as I was compelled to fit all day long in my pulpit, with an infernal heavy cloak of

crimſon velvet, but dignified by the title of a royal mantle, wrapped about my ſhoulders, and which would have kept me hot through the coldeſt night in Lapland, and which now makes me ſweat in every pore, I reſolved to attempt my eſcape, and be no longer mewed up and crammed like a turkey for Chriſtmas, or an alderman's capon, until puffed up by fat, or relaxed by conſtant perſpiring, I ſhould be unable to move without alarming my attending vaſſals with my wheezing and blowing.

‘ For this purpoſe I examined my apartments, which, to my infinite mortification, appeared equally calculated to keep me in, as to keep my enemies out. I now determined to attempt being per-

mitted to ramble about the houſe; but I ſucceeded no better in this. Almoſt deſperate, I propoſed an introduction to Mrs. Cleveland; which, being deemed an act of too great condeſcenſion, would alſo have been refuſed, had not my gaoler recollected that the blood royal had but to command attendance, and the invited muſt appear, whether convenient to them or not; he, therefore, with many ſpeeches of the unmerited honour I was about to confer, introduced the lady, a deviliſh fine woman, though on the wrong ſide of forty. She had not been many minutes preſent, before I diſcovered that hers was a viſit of curioſity, and that I muſt ſpeedily blind her, or ſhe would inevitably diſcover the nakedneſs of the land.

'I had repeatedly found love to be the most effectual, both for blinding the optics of the fair to my defects, and clearing their perception of my good qualities. I, therefore, set myself in battle-array, and, after skirmishing a short time with small arms, I bombarded her with red-hot shot, until the very sockets of my eyes ached; but, if I might judge from the undamaged state of the outworks, the fortress would stand not only a long but a close siege before it would surrender, and that even then she would claim not the honours of war, but those of victory; or, if she did surrender at discretion, it would be the discretion of punishing the temerity of the besieger, she looked so devilish cool and composed, met my ogles and languishments with such equal indifference, except

that ſometimes a laugh ſeemed on the point of deſtroying her uniformity, that I began to repent of my experiment, and wiſh as eagerly to ſee her out of my priſon as I had long done to ſee myſelf. She was beſide accompanied by an elf, her ſon, who remarked that my majeſty muſt be nice and hot in that cloke, which he ſaid would be a famous one for Goody Dowlaſh to go to market in when ſhe had the rheumatiſm. He next obſerved upon my regal chair, which he compared to the judgment-ſeat of juſtice Midas.

'Not to ſee that they were agreed in mocking me was impoſſible; but to take exceptions was not my part; I therefore literally grinned and endured. I think my ſenſations at this interview were not

unlike those of a kept mistress, when she sees her keeper's neglected wife; a respectful fear, a kind of venerating hate, a desire to insult her without daring to attempt it. She, however, at length retired, leaving me determined rather to spend the remainder of my life locked up with her skeleton husband, than suffer her or her spoiled jackanapes to enter my royal domain. A silly jade! I had intended graciously by her; I had purposed to love her dearly, at least to have persuaded her I did so; and to have made her so happy, and to have been so happy myself. But it's all over now; and if she does not mind her manners, I will command old Bare-bones to use her devilish ill. No, that won't do, for then she will have an excuse for quitting him. I have it. I

will command him to be very fond of her, and touzle and mouzle her, and toy with and ſlabber her dainty ladyſhip, which I can ſee would be placing her in purgatory, if not in the hotteſt place of all; that, Hal, which they ſay is reſerved for us.

'But now for buſineſs. Finding that the two or three unmeaning letters which I have ſent you, went ſafe, I have taken courage, and written you this account of my ſituation, which you will allow is a d—d diſagreeable one, and muſt poſitively be altered, or I ſhall defeat all the propheſiers by dying like an alderman, of over-cramming. I cannot endûre the thought; my ambitious ſoul pants for a more exalted fate; therefore prolong, by coming to partake, my good things. I am ſerious upon my ſoul. Bring Jen-

kins with you; you will live like fighting-cocks; may ſleep in peace; bars, bolts, and locks in plenty; you will be as ſafe as in Newgate. Therefore come and paſs a few days with me. We will then ſee if we can't manage my eſcape. At any rate, when you are tired, I can ſend you on an embaſſy to ſome of *my foreign* allies, and I think I ſhall find it no very difficult matter to make the owner of Cropredy Bridge come down with a thouſand or two to pay my army. This is a part of my plan. I have ſome others which would aſtoniſh you; but more of them when we meet; let that be very ſoon, though write me a letter firſt, ſaying you are the duke of York. I of courſe ſhall recogniſe my dear brother's hand-writing. Call Jenkins any body you pleaſe; I ſhall have no

knowledge of him; he is your friend, yet ready to perifh in my caufe. But look ye, he muft be warned not to fet up a gigling when he fees me in my pulpit with my cloke about me, and old Bare-bones feated on a footftool beneath me; I can tell you that would fpoil all; dignity is the one thing needful to accomplifh my defigns on this gudgeon. Let your words be big, and bigly fpoken; all will then go well; out with one of your low jefts and we are done up. This madman can eafily conceive a king to be *great*, like a god; but he cannot admit of his being *little* like his fellow-man.

'Indeed, if the whole of our brethren would put off the blackguard, and conduct themfelves fomewhat more like gentlemen,

our profession would not he held in such detestation as it now is. It is more the manner than the matter they condemn. Could the corps be weeded of the low rascals which at present disgrace it, I have regulations to propose, which, if properly followed, would render us at least respectable; but until that can be done, we, like the honourable members of the law, must submit to be included in the general stigma.

'Having tutored you thus far, I must give you yet another caution—do not overdo the business; avoid bombast; be sublime, but not ridiculous. In short, conduct yourselves as you always have seen me do, like a gentleman.

Yours,

LEOPOLD GREVILLE.

'P. S. Apropos, that name, which I cannot prevail upon myſelf to part with, reminds me to inquire after my ci-devant father. How is he, and where is he? Find out, as I fully intend to pay my duty to him once more.'

This letter, as had all he had before written, was taken to Mrs. Cleveland, whoſe aſtoniſhment on ſeeing the ſignature was beyond expreſſion. The contents, often as ſhe peruſed them, provoked a ſmile; but the calamitous ſituation of the unfortunate writer ſpeedily checked it. The poſitive neceſſity of preventing his deſigns upon her deluded huſband, and which would admit of no delay, depreſſed her ſpirits. To be the active agent in depriving a fellow-creature of life, and

that by a violent and ignominious death, ſhocked her nature, and put juſtice to her country and reſpect to its laws to flight. She reſolved to give this dangerous man yet one chance more of reforming, and preſerving his mis-ſpent life; for which purpoſe ſhe ſent her ſon with a note, importing her wiſh to ſpeak with him alone, if he could contrive a pretence for diſmiſſing Mr. Cleveland in the courſe of the evening.

This he was not long in doing; and Mrs. Cleveland entered his apartment. The door was no ſooner cloſed than he claſped her in his arms, ſwearing that bliſsful moment overpaid him for all the curſed hours he had paſſed with that *memento mori*, her ſkeleton huſband. She ſtruggled in vain to releaſe herſelf from

his graſp; he proceeded in his raptures and his familiarities, until, ſhocked and affrighted, ſhe uttered a loud cry; and, on the entrance of her ſervants, commanded them to take charge of that wretch, who was the famous Leopold Greville, for whoſe detection a large reward was offered.

To paint the conſternation of the diſappointed man is impoſſible; for he had, with that ignorance and illiberality which mark the opinions of men accuſtomed to the ſociety of vulgar and indelicate females, conceived no woman exempt from the degrading and licentious appetites with which he was himſelf poſſeſſed, and been led to place the viſit of Mrs. Cleveland to a predilection for his perſon. Fatal to himſelf was the error; for he was hurried

to priſon, and a few days after paid the forfeit of his life, as an atonement to the laws he had deſpiſed; when too late, at leaſt for his pardon in this world, he became ſenſible of his errors, and died confeſſing the juſtice of his puniſhment here, and his fears of that which awaited him hereafter.

Yet, great and numberleſs as had been his offences, we confide him to the unbounded mercy of his future Judge, humbly truſting that his penitence had rendered him acceptable, and that his ſufferings had obtained him the compaſſion of the mighty Diſpoſer of his future deſtiny. He had not reached his five-and-twentieth year, when a violent and ignominious death put an end to a life of ſhame. Yet his early

dawn had given promise of a brighter day. His person was fine, his face interesting, and his manners elegant; nor were his mental endowments inferior. To a clear and comprehensive understanding were joined a spirit of enterprise, with a cool but courageous perseverance of temper, which, had it been directed to praiseworthy pursuits, would have rendered him an object of admiration to the community which he disgraced, and to which his depredations and vicious conduct made him a terror.

May his example be beneficial to those young persons who may read his history; to those who are yet uncontaminated may it prove a shield; and to those who have commenced the career of vice, a warning.

bell to return ere it be too late! Even if honour prompts not this, let policy induce them to desert those banners, which, they may rest assured, however gay or alluring in the beginning, lead to certain destruction in the end. 'To be good, is to be happy.' This sentiment was verified by the present subject of these memoirs, who had been heard to declare, that he had not derived so much satisfaction from all the successful villanies of his life, as from one single act of benevolence which he had been surprised into the performance of. To comment further would be to insult the understandings of those who are willing to be taught: to those who are not, any thing that we could add would be superfluous.

Of the remaining personages who have

played their parts in this our ſtory, Mr. Mountjoy alone ſeems to create any intereſt. Of him we have little to ſay; would that that little were ſuch as the native benevolence of his heart ſeems to have made his due; but ours is the office of recording facts as they were, not as we wiſhed them to have been.

This gentleman, though poſſeſſed of a ſuperior underſtanding, and who, on every other occaſion, diſplayed uncommon fortitude, generoſity, and ſelf-command, ſunk beneath the united perfidy of his wiſe and friend. Time, the univerſal medicine of wounded minds, to him proved no reſtorer. The day cheered not his tortured ſpirit; the night brought no oblivion of his cares:

'The blow return'd for ever in his dream:'

the barbed arrow had entered his soul, and he looked to the sleep of death alone for peace Had religion been his guide, he would not have been left thus comfortless; for truth compels us to confess, that, though a moral man, he was not a Christian; the Christian's consolation was therefore denied him. He looked to death as *the end of his sorrows; but, poor* unhappy man! he looked not for the bliss of everlasting happiness. He expired, while a malediction half-pronounced trembled upon his lip. Humanity tempts us to hope that the mercy which he refused to their crime was extended to his errors; and that the accusing spirit, moved by his anguish, failed to produce the record of his guilt.

THE END.

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